

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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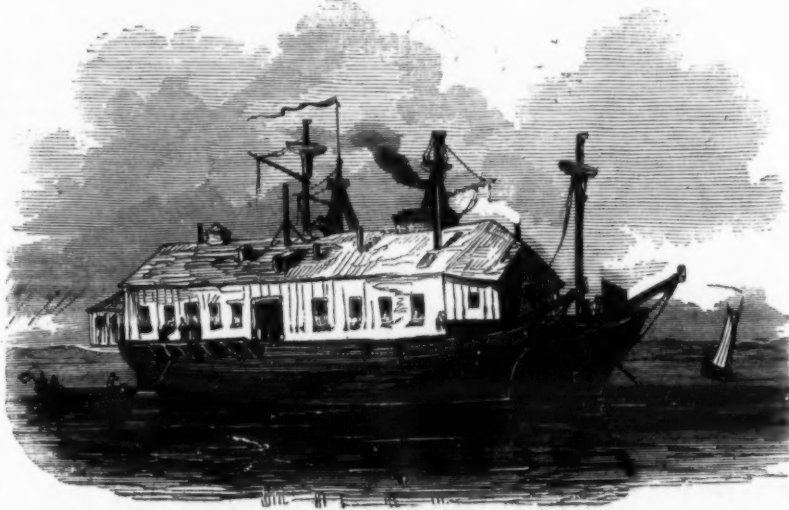
[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

NAVAL MACHINE SHOP IN STATION CREEK, NEAR HILTON HEAD.

THE want of means of repairing on the spot the constant accidents in the blockade and other vessels off the Southern coast induced Admiral Dupont to establish a naval machine shop, which our artist, Mr. Crane, has illustrated at the Admiral's request, and which is well worth portraying from the services it has rendered. Instead of losing for months the services of a vessel, which for some trifling repairs was formerly sent North, she is now absent but a few days. The Admiral took two of the whalers sent down as part of the stone fleet, but since lying idle, and on the deck of the ship Edward raised a sort of old-fashioned Dutch house, projecting far on either side, with sharp peaked roof, crowned by the crew's nest. Here the steam-engine was placed, with all the proper machinery, shafting, wheels, gearing, lathes, planing-machines, furnace and forge. This building is divided into five apartments, one for the pattern shop, another for the brass foundry, iron furnace and copper-smiths. A third contains the blacksmiths and boiler-makers and the heavy forges. The next holds the engine and machine shop, with five turning lathes. The last is for offices and sleeping quarters, while the hold supplies the coal.

The India ship, alongside, has several furnaces, and is used as a storehouse and contraband quarters.

The whole establishment was set up by W. B. Cogswell, as master mechanic, and is now under the immediate charge of W. S. Kimball. After the attack on Fort Sumter, in April, the Nahant and other vessels were here speedily restored to fighting trim, and made ready to cope once more with fort or iron-clad. Vulcan has never, perhaps, had on the realm of Neptune so extensive and complete a workshop.



THE EDWARD.

BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON.

The Charge of the 3d Louisiana.

THE question whether negro soldiers will fight if properly led is fast being tested. Recent cases show that the conduct of Greene's Rhode Island negro regiment at Red Bank during the Revolution is not to stand alone.

The battle of Port Hudson was a severe and well-fought action. Our troops displayed their usual

bravery, and were well handled by Gen. Banks, driving the enemy to his second line of works. Our loss from May 23 to May 30 was nearly 1,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Of the negro regiments Gen. Banks in his official report says:

"They answered every expectation. Their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made during the day three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at night

fall with the other troops on the right of our line. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all officers in command on the right.

"Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in a condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders. The severe test to which they were subjected and the determined manner with which they encountered the enemy leave upon my mind no doubt of their ultimate success. They require only good officers, commands of limited numbers, and careful discipline to make them excellent soldiers."

Their conduct has called forth the following from a well-known Philadelphia poet:

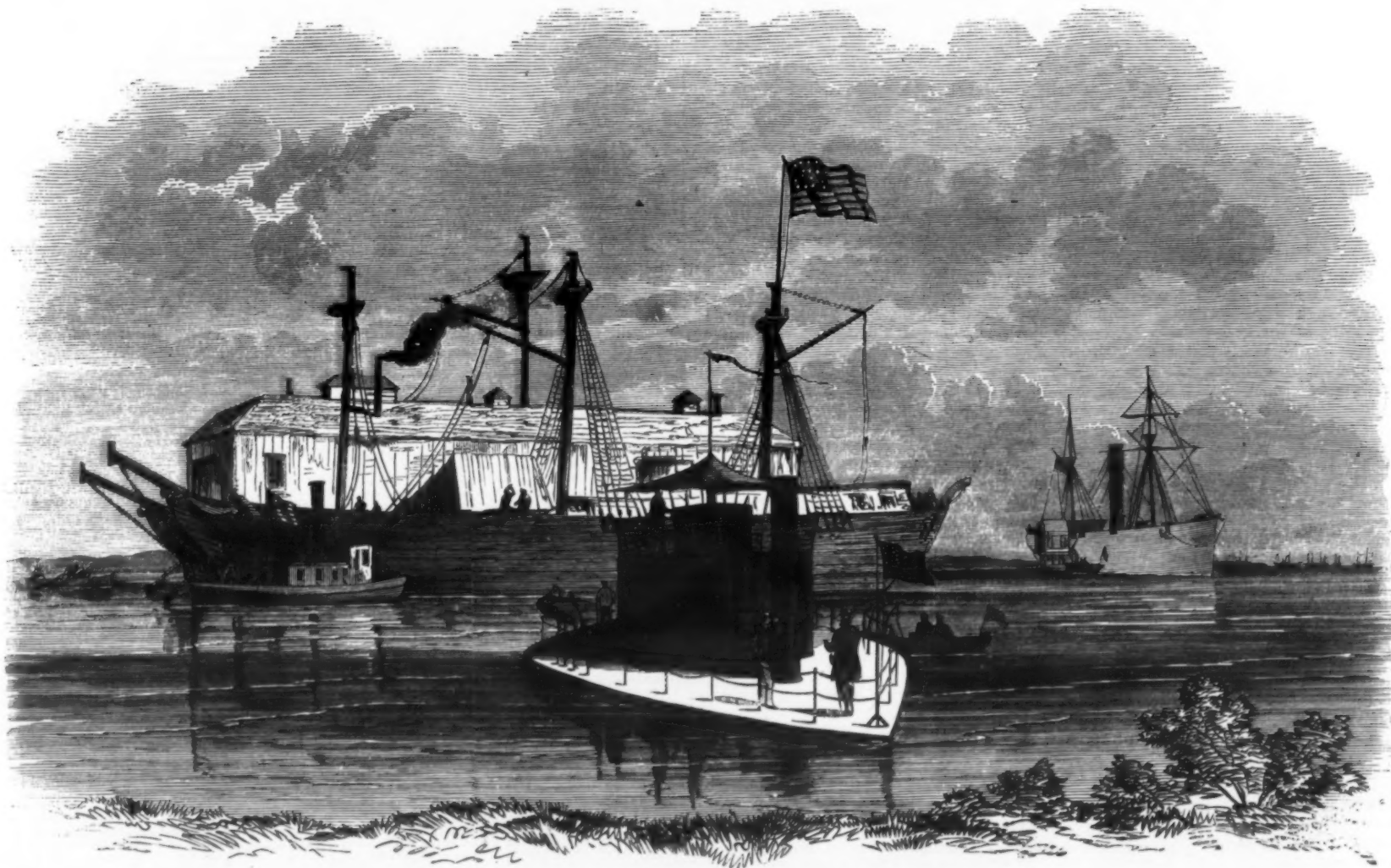
THE SECOND LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand.
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes' pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!



ADMIRAL DUPONT'S MACHINE SHOP, STATION CREEK, S. C.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The trotting match for \$5,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagers, between George M. Patchen and General Butler, came off on the 19th June at the Fashion Pleasure Grounds. Patchen won the race. Five closely contested heats—time, 2:27, 2:29, 2:32, 2:30 and 2:32—were trotted, the stallion winning the first, fourth and fifth; General Butler won the second and third heats.

The veterinary surgeons, after several meetings at the Astor House, have organized themselves into the "United States Veterinary Medical Association." Dr. J. H. Stiekney, of Boston, was chosen President for the first year.

The Treasury Department, having stopped printing the postal currency, is now burning that which is returned, preparatory to the new issue. It is thought in Washington that this currency is an efficient medium for propagating small pox, as a number of persons there who have handled a deal of it have contracted the disease.

The cotton mills of Woonsocket, R. I., are resuming their hours of labor. Several of them have commenced to run half time, and it is presumed that the others will adopt a similar course.

The New Bedford Standard says: "We understand that one or more companies are being organized in this city for the purpose of working the copper mines in Canada. This, of course, will tend to build up the business interests of New Bedford."

A great Union Mass Meeting was held at Dover, Delaware, on the 9th June. Gov. Cannon presided. Resolutions to support the President were unanimously adopted.

The editors of the Chicago Times are to be prosecuted in the Civil Courts for their disloyal articles.

A State Convention of the delegates of the New Jersey Loyal Leagues was held in Trenton on the 10th June.

The old Seamen's Farm, Marshland, Staten Island, was sold for \$145 an acre. It consisted of 200 acres.

The New York Yacht Club had their annual races on the 11th June. At first they had to encounter a calm, then a hard shower, finally the wind stiffened up and filled the white sails, speeding them over the river and sea at a rapid rate. A large number of pleasure craft of every description, from rowboats to steamboats, were out-fitted with passengers and decked with flags, streamers and signals. At the Canard dock a salute was fired, and the French frigate dipped her flag in honor of the event. One of our revenue cutters fired repeatedly, and music greeted the car at every point of the compass. The official report has not been rendered, but it will soon be given to the public; in the mean time, we can inform our readers that the sloops Minnie, Fanny and White Wing were the successful competitors for the prizes offered by the Club.

A mass meeting of the Democracy of Brooklyn was held at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 11th June, in compliance with a call issued by the Kings County Democratic Club, which invited "all conservative citizens in favor of the Union, the Constitution and the laws, and opposed to all usurpations of arbitrary power." The building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the stage was occupied by prominent Democrats. Mayor Kalbfleisch presided, and made the introductory address. After the reading of the resolutions, addresses were made by the Hon. Amasa J. Parker, the Hon. Alonzo C. Paige, and others. A meeting was organized outside at which addresses were made by Edmund Driggs, E. O. Ferrin and David Sutton.

The music in the Park is in full blast every Saturday afternoon, to the great delight of thousands. It is under the baton of Marshal Dowdorth.

Claims to the amount of \$70,000 have been presented against the authorities for damages sustained by the explosion in 79th street last month.

Mayor Opdyke has nominated the New York Tribune as entitled to the corporation advertising, and Comptroller Brennan has nominated the New York Herald. Four papers are entitled to it, but there is a feud between the officials as to which they are.

Mrs. Carrigan, of Syracuse, N. Y., whose husband had been absent and not heard from for four years, engaged to marry a Mr. Sackett. But Sackett married another woman, and Mrs. Carrigan sued him for breach of promise. She was nonsuited, however, on the ground that there being no positive evidence of the death of her husband, his absence during four years was not sufficient to raise a presumption of his death, which was necessary to enable her to recover in the suit.

Considerable excitement recently existed in Bath, Maine, about the abduction or elopement of a young lady of that city with a member of the company known as Wood's Minstrels. The young woman is about 17 years of age, of a most respectable family, and would not have been expected to commit such a folly. She subsequently became disgusted with her own folly or her partner, and went to work in one of the Lewiston mills, under an assumed name, where she was arrested, and her father sent for.

Western.—The Olathe (Kansas) Mirror says that during the past year every town in the county has been sacked, and one burned; that 60 of its citizens have been killed by rebel landraids; that \$100,000 worth of property has been destroyed or carried away, and that a reign of terror has prevailed in nearly all parts of the county during that period.

The deputation of the German Republicans of Missouri had an interview with the President lately—they have published their report. It appears they demanded the dismissal of Seward, Blair and Halleck—the restoration of Fremont, Sigel and Butler to important commands. The President's reply was to the effect that he meant to be President—with regard to emancipation he was in favor of its being gradual, backing his opinion with the man who had an excruciating pain on the back of his neck, the removal of which, in one operation, would result in the death of the patient, while, "tinkering it off by degrees," would preserve life. Taussig adds, "although sorely tempted, I did not reply with the illustration of the dog whose tail was amputated by inches, but confined myself to arguments."

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met at Columbus on the 11th of June, and was very largely attended. Ex-Gov. Medill presided. Clement L. Vallandigham was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, receiving 418 out of 461 votes. His nomination was then made unanimous. George E. Fugh was nominated for Lieut. Gov. by acclamation. The Convention then completed the State ticket by making the following nominations: For Auditor, Wm. Hubbard; for State Treasurer, H. L. Knapp; for Judge of the Supreme Court, P. Van Trump; for Public Works, J. H. Heston. Resolutions were unanimously adopted protesting against President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation; condemning martial law in Loyal States where war does not exist; denouncing the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; protesting in earnest terms against the banishment of the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, and calling on the President to recall him, and restore him all his rights as a citizen of the United States; declaring that "we will hail with delight a desire of the seceded States to return to their allegiance, and that we will co-operate with the citizens of those States to restore peace; and that we insist upon the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, and the right of trial by jury."

It is said that Vallandigham has gone to a Southern port for the purpose of getting to Nassau, and thence to Canada, where he can from British territory communicate with his friends in Ohio.

Resistance to the enrollment continues in Indiana. The Enrolling Commissioners have been driven out of White River township. Gov. Morton has issued a proclamation to the people of Indiana, solemnly warning all persons against resistance to

the Government in any form, or hindering the Union authorities in the discharge of their duties.

Southern.—The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican says: "An Augusta, Georgia, contemporary says, on the authority of a gentleman just returned from the upper part of North Carolina, that tenpenny nails are passing current there at five cents each. We have no such metallic basis for our currency here. Our circulating mediums are grains of corn representing five cents, and quids of tobacco representing the decimal."

In consequence of the death of the younger Carroll, of Maryland, the famous Carroll estate is now being settled up. Of 340 slaves belonging to the estate at the commencement of the war, all have run away except 140. The appraisers value these at \$5 a-head.

Jacob Barker, of New Orleans, has lately presented a new hat, a new pair of shoes and a new suit of clothes to every newboy in the Crescent City. Will no millionaire of New York perform a similar act to the New York newboys?

The seat of the Mississippi Government has been located, since the capture of Jackson by our troops, at Enterprise, a post village of Clarke county, Miss.

Military.—Gen. B. F. Butler having claimed to outrank all other Generals, and become, *de jure*, the Commander-in-Chief (under the President) of all our armies, that somewhat amusing claim has been submitted to the different Generals thus affected. Gen. Fremont has published a letter, addressed by him to Mr. Stanton, in which he shows that he outranks Butler by two days. The Sunday Mercury says none but so good-natured a man as Mr. Lincoln would have recognized such a demand for a minute.

There are about 50,000 colored men under arms in the United States, distributed as follows: Under command of Adj.-Gen. Thomas, 11,000; in service with Gen. Banks, 3,000; in service with Gen. Foster, 3,000; in service with Gen. Hunter, 4,000; in service with Gen. Curtis, 2,000; in service with Gen. Rosecrans, 5,000; in service in the Navy Department, 5,000; in Kansas regiments, 1,100; in Massachusetts regiments, 1,200; in District of Columbia, 8,000. This is exclusive of Grant's command and those of others, not mentioning the camps of colored men at Newberne, Fort Monroe, Washington, etc. It may therefore be calculated with safety that there are upwards of 50,000 colored soldiers now arrayed upon the side of the Union.

Charges have been preferred against Dr. Perley, Medical Inspector, U. S. A., of issuing blank soldiers' discharges to persons not authorized to have them. The Secretary of War has ordered the matter to be inquired into.

Gen. Sibley and staff left St. Paul, June 5, for Camp Pope, on the Upper Minnesota, to take command of the expedition against the Indians. Its arrangements are most complete.

Gov. Curtin has received from the War Department authority to raise 15 regiments for the defence of Pennsylvania. Five are to be cavalry.

17,000 unassailed claims are now on file in the Second Auditor's office, which is a year behind in its business.

More than 800 guns of Gen. Fremont's European purchase have lately been sent from the Army of Tennessee to the St. Louis arsenal for repairs. On the examination, it was found that there was no communication between the tube and the barrels, and the guns could not be fired.

Gen. Stuart, the rebel commander, had a very narrow escape at Frouly Ford of being taken prisoner.

Naval.—The Government has again purchased the old Lake Ontario steamboat Niagara, which came so very near proving a coffin to six companies of a Massachusetts regiment belonging to Banks's Expedition last fall. She is now called the Suffolk. She is to run on some of the rivers in Louisiana, and the owners are to deliver her in New Orleans.

The present number of men employed at the Charlestown Navy Yard is 3,530; their monthly wages, \$161,700.

Assistant Secretary Fox reports that the total number of vessels captured and destroyed by the Federal cruisers to the 1st June is 555.

The Ohio, 74 gun liner, is to be made a serviceable war vessel. It has been the receiving ship at Boston.

The Isaac Smith, taken from us last January, not answering as a war vessel, was loaded with cotton to run the blockade, but was sunk by our cruisers in the North Channel, near Charleston, on the 28th May.

Capt. T. F. Craven has been appointed to the new Ironclad and Com. F. A. M. Craven to the Ironclad steamer Passaic.

The United States vessel Shepherd Knapp has been wrecked on the coast of San Domingo.

It will surprise many of our readers to learn that the expenses on some of the captured blockade runners exceed the proceeds, thus bringing the gallant tars in debt. This will doubtless cool the zeal of our cruisers, just as the Dutch Governor of New York put an end to lawsuits by compelling the litigants to exchange receipts in full, and making the constable pay the costs.

Personal.—Secretary Chase, Senator Sherman and several other distinguished politicians visited Gen. Hooker's camp on the 8th of June. They were accompanied by several ladies.

Mrs. Major-Gen. Foster, whose noble exertions in ministering to the wounded at Newberne we have before recorded, is now very sick in that city from over anxiety and fatigue.

Alexandre Dumas, the elder, was recently called before the curtain 24 times in one hour by the audience in a Neapolitan theatre. This is just what he likes; there is no liquor so intoxicating as the applause of a thousand people. He continues as young, as giddy, as gay and athletic as ever, despite his three score and odd years.

Leonard Sweet, of Illinois, having declined the appointment of Commissioner to Peru, Dr. Mackey of the State Department has been appointed in his stead. The commission is composed of E. G. Squier, Dr. Mackey and Judge Huntington. Mr. La Reintree goes out as solicitor for the commission. The latter was Secretary of Legation under Robert M. McLane, late Minister to Mexico.

Col. John H. Almy has received an appointment on the staff of Gov. Smith, of Rhode Island.

Mrs. Benthuyson, of Tennessee, delivered a stirring Union address on the 1st of June before the 10th Ward Republican Association. She drew an awful picture of the sufferings of the Unionists at the commencement of the rebellion. Her husband had been conscripted to fight on the rebel side, and she had not heard from him for nearly two years.

The enrollment meets with great resistance among the sympathizers with the rebellion in Fulton county, Penn. Some of the enrolling officers have been rotten-egged, and threats have been freely made against their lives. In some instances they have been shot at by persons concealed in woods. Attempts are being made to deter officers from their work. The barn of William H. Powell, enrolling officer for Thompson township, was fired and entirely consumed, together with all the stock, farming utensils, etc.

Capt. A. F. Duncan, of the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry, now on duty in Western Virginia, writes: "I met a sister of Stonewall Jackson in Webster. She is a very pleasant and intelligent lady, and as good a Union woman as I ever saw. She is the wife of Mr. Arnold, who lives in Beverly. Mrs. A. fled to Webster when the rebels approached Beverly. When she heard of her brother's death she seemed very much depressed, but said that she would rather know that he was dead than to have him a leader in the rebel army."

Col. D'Utassy, late of the Garibaldi Guard, has been sentenced to dismissal from the army, forfeiture of pay and a year's imprisonment in Sing Sing prison. The career of this man is very remarkable, and illustrates the gullibility of our Government in the highest degree. He is really a Hungarian Jew named Strasser, and came to this country some years ago. He got introduced to several influential families, and managed his cards so well that he was appointed to command the Garibaldi Guard. Had he not been so wonderfully reckless in his frauds, he might possibly by the mere force of impudence have risen to the chief command of the army. The War Department owe a deep apology to the nation for their carelessness in suffering him to achieve the position he has just been deprived of. The New York Tribune says there are several D'Utassies, both native and foreign, still in the army.

John Seireiter, of Detroit, the well-known billiard player, has challenged Dudley Kavanagh, the victor at the recent Tournament, to play for the ownership of the Champion Cue.

Mr. Marchant, the manager of the Charleston Theatre, S. C., and a well-known actor, arrived lately at Nassau, on his way to England. He gave one reading from Shakespeare and the Southern poets.

There is now residing on Ninth street, Troy, N. Y., in a state of comparative destitution, the Hospodar of Wallachia, a nobleman of high rank, who left his native land to fight for the American Union, was wounded at Antietam, failed to respond to the order directing him to report, in consequence of ignorance of our customs, and resigned from the service. Drifting to Troy by accident, he found himself without friends, his wife in a critical state of health, and his resources slight. Several gentlemen have interested themselves in his case, with a hope of restoring him to the army, should his claims prove to be as well founded as they seem from the credentials that he presents.

The following description of a certain New York editor we find in a Western journal: "A gait almost without comparison—something between a stringhalt and a spavin; and he shambles along, looking for all the world like a street beggar or an inmate of the poor-house on the rampage. Benevolent individuals, ignorant of his identity, are said to force copper into his hands, in the exercise of the great spirit of charity. His wife is reported occasionally to steal away his torn unwashable, substituting another pair, while the abstract philosopher is ignorant of the change."

Obituary.—Col. Daniel S. Cowles, of Hudson, N. Y., was killed by a bayonet thrust in the thigh, in the assault on Fort Hudson, on the 27th ult. He organized the 128th regiment, New York Volunteers, composed principally of young farmers of Columbia county. He was about 40 years of age, a bachelor, and possessed of considerable wealth. His last words were those of a Christian soldier. "Tell my mother I died with my face to the enemy, fighting for my native land. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Dr. John A. Kennicott, the well-known naturalist and horticulturist, died in Chicago, June 14th. For many years he was President of the State Horticultural Society.

Col. Davis, of the 8th New York cavalry, killed in the late cavalry engagement at Beverly Ford, was a native of Mississippi, which State he left after the passage of the ordinance of secession, to engage in the Union cause, and his devotion to which he has sealed with his life. He was shot through the head while charging at the head of his regiment. The contending squadrons were within three feet of each other, the Union troops dealing destruction to the enemy with their sabres, and the rebels pouring into our ranks an incessant fire from their revolvers. While raising his sabre to cut down an officer, a rebel turned upon and shot him with his revolver. His death was immediately avenged by one of his aids. Seeing his colonel fall he leaped his horse to his adversary's side, and felled the officer to the ground with a sabre blow, which clove his skull and killed him instantly. Col. Davis was to have been soon married to a young lady in Baltimore, to whom he had been engaged for some months.

Thomas Walker, who died at Utica, last week, aged 80, was for 30 years publisher and proprietor of the Columbian Gazette; he was also the oldest magistrate in the county. He had been for the last 20 years President of the Old Utica Bank. He was much esteemed by all who knew him.

Col. Orton Williams, who was hanged as a spy the other day, by order of Gen. Rosecrans, was cousin to Gen. Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army, and brother to Major Laurence Williams, formerly on Gen. McClellan's staff.

Mr. John Haglin died on the 30th of May, at Ann Harbor, Michigan, aged 110 years.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 9th of June an immense quantity of ammunition exploded in Fort Lyon, near Alexandria. Twenty-four persons were killed, and nearly as many wounded. The cause of the accident is unknown.

Corporal Ross of the 1st regiment of colored troops raised in Washington was assaulted by a mob of that city, and upon the application for protection to the police, he was brutally knocked down by one of them. The case is undergoing investigation.

On the 8th of June a fire broke out in Baxter street, which resulted in the death of five persons.

On the 9th of June, as the domestic of Mr. Jenkins of South Brooklyn was engaged in her domestic offices in the bedchambers, she suddenly discovered a man concealed in one of them. The burglar escaped by the scuttle. Strange to say, the fellow returned the next morning at the same hour and gaged her. The police are investigating this very mysterious affair.

The glazing mill connected with the powder works of J. C. Marble, at Buckfield, Maine, blew up on the morning of the 10th of June.

On the 6th of June a frightful accident occurred on the Kentucky Central Railroad at Nicholasville. The locomotive Kenton attached to the passenger train exploded, killing and wounding 20 Union soldiers. The cause was the carelessness of the engineer, who escaped.

A boot and shoe dealer named W. B. Dowell, doing business at No. 351 Bowery, in this city, was instantly killed on Wednesday evening, in Greenpoint, while returning from the Fashion Course, when he had been to witness the race between Patchen and Butler. It appears that the horses attached to the carriage of the deceased became unmanageable, and he threw himself out, striking his head and breaking his neck. Coroner Barrett held an inquest next day, when a verdict of accidental death from strangulation was rendered. A man named Ryan, in company with Dowell, was considerably injured.

On the 10th of June, Mr. Stevens, the Deputy-Provost Marshal, Mr. Clayfield, a detective, and an enrolling official, were fired upon near Manville, Rush county, Indiana. Stevens and Clayfield were killed.

Forty-eight indictments have been found by the Grand Jury against Solomon Kohnstamm, a wealthy German merchant, for presenting false and forged claims against the Government. The amount is over \$100,000.

An altercation arose on the 12th of June between two ship caulkers, Stenson and Mann, in the course of which they clinched and fell over the railing of the stoop. Stenson was so much injured by the fall that he died in half an hour.

The New York Tribune says that many of the New York merchants and also some of other Northern ports have been supplying the rebels by the way of Nassau and Matamoros. For example: in the month of June, 1862, when the new precautionary measures were first put in force, the exports from New York to Nassau amounted (omitting fractions) to \$8,000; in October to \$35,000; in January, 1863, to \$26,000; in February to \$106,000; in March to \$188,000. The ex-

ports from New York to Matamoros during June, 1862, amounted to \$18,000; in October to \$238,000; in January, 1863, to \$275,000; in February to \$162,000; in March to \$612,000.

As Mr. Whitton, the Treasurer of Niblo's Garden, was counting over his money on Thursday evening, the 11th of June, a person named Charles Miller put a one dollar counterfeit through the aperture and demanded a ticket. While Mr. Whitton was examining it, Charles Miller grabbed the entire pile of money that Whitton had been counting and bolted. Fortunately a detective named John Bennett was on hand and arrested the thief.

A lady of elegant address, formerly an actress at the Winter Garden, has been arrested, charged with robbing several boarding-houses. Her plan was to engage board, and before the first week was up to select what suited her best belonging to the other lodgers, and then decamp.

The Post Office, Saragota, N. Y., was broken open on the night of the 11th of June, and the money contents of the letters stolen, as well as \$60 belonging to the Postmaster.

Foreign.—The Montreal Witness mentions the following case of a shipowner's brutality: "The young wife of Capt. Stoddard, of the Rifles, was saved from the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon, where her husband perished—heroically rendering assistance to others. No portion of her effects was saved, and she, a widow of 19 years, is here alone and destitute. Under these circumstances, Messrs. Stoddard applied to Messrs. Allans, owners of the steamship line, as we are distinctly informed, for a passage back to Britain, and was refused." It certainly says little for the generosity of the army officers, that the wife of a Captain of the Rifles was permitted to appeal to the liberality of a shipowner.

In a recent divorce case in England, the wife asserted that her husband was a brute, that he had tried to provoke her to strike him, that he might have an excuse "to return the compliment." That he had, with "another gentleman," broken into her bedroom and dragged her out of bed. On the other hand, he brought a cartload of most expensive furniture into court, which she was compelled to admit she had broken in her "tantrums," as she termed them. She had also cut out several leaves of her husband's account book—had deliberately cut into bits a magnificent portrait of her legal tyrant—had also broken all the chimney ornaments in their drawing-room, because he would not buy her a new china set of tea-things. Among other freaks, she had broken some of two boxes, and stolen or destroyed some valuable title-deeds, and all in the short space of nine years! The jury were so befuddled by the conflicting statements that they came to no decision.

The new Government of Nova Scotia is as follows: Johnston, Attorney-General; Tupper, Provincial Secretary; Henry, Solicitor-General; McNair, Receiver-General; Levison, Financial Secretary; McKinnon, McFarlane and Shannon members of the Cabinet without office; McDonald, Commissioner of Railways; Grant, Queen's Printer.

Puebla surrendered to the French on the 17th May. Gen. Ortega escaped, with a large portion of the Mexican army. Gen. Forey was pushing on towards the city of Mexico, where Juarez was busy preparing a warm reception for them.

Art, Science and Literature.—Mr. Kinglake, whose book on the Crimean war has caused such a sensation in Europe, has been receiving the fire of several army officers, who do not like to see the management of the British army so severely criticised. One of them, a Col. Calthorpe, gives a merry story of Kinglake's first introduction to Lord Raglan, when his first pony ran away with him, and then finally deposited him, neck over heels, at the feet of the Commander-in-Chief.

Fanny Kemble is about publishing her Southern experiences, when, as the wife of Mr. Butler, she lived the mistress of a large plantation. It is said, by some who have read part of it, to be as graphic and far more truthful than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom."

Chit-Chat.—A certain dramatic critic, in announcing the revival of an old melodrama, has the incense to say, "The production of this play is a very graceful concession on Mr. Wallace's part to that popular taste for the romantic." etc. The Philadelphia Press says: "We shall next hear that when our cobblers make a customer a pair of boots, that it is a very great concession." etc.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is very busy devising a battle flag for the colored regiments.

An old maid, who has her eyes a little sideways on matrimony, says: "The curse of this war is, that it will leave so many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and know how to do it, that modest girls will stand no chance at all."

It is estimated that 150,000 cannon are on an average fired uselessly every 24 hours, in salvoes, salutes, morning and evening guns, etc., throughout the civilized world; each discharge costs \$1.20, consequently \$180,000 are daily wasted in this way, and \$60,000,000 annually, which goes away in smoke, but is raised in substantial taxes.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world—many confidently asserting that London, or as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,000,000 of dwellings and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are 19 Japan sashis in length, which is equivalent to 22 English miles.

The Boston Transcript says that in consequence of the sale of the Hancock estate, the heirs have made a formal offer of a gift of the house, furniture, and fine old portraits, together with many other objects of historical interest, to the city of Boston, to be removed and kept entire as a museum of antiquities, open to the public for ever. The removal of the house would cost about \$10,000.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: "We have been shown a curiosity in the shape of a small silver coin, which belongs to a gentleman of this city. The coin date is 1682. It is a pine tree threepenny piece, which was the first piece issued by the New England colonies, and, in fact, the first coinage made by any European or their descendants in America. The piece is in good preservation, and is highly valued by its owner. The pine tree mintage is very scarce, and is much sought after by coin collectors." If this is genuine there are three pine tree threepenny pieces in existence, one in Boston, one in New Haven and one in San Francisco. Many, however, doubt whether any were ever struck.

The Newcastle Guardian (Eng.) contains the following advertisement. It is the dialect of the county. How would Milton's "Paradise Lost" sound in it?

"TIS A CORKOR, GEORDIE!"

NOO REDDY—SEKEND EDISHEN.

CHATER'S COMIC TYNESIDE ALM'HACK—
A Lyin'-in-Hospital or Bedfog for first-class Destitute wit, Hiss, Skits, Defunct Puns, an' select Tit-bits, for the 'er 1863, is cram'd full w' see a bonny lot o' droll, queer gam, en'yuf aw's shoort to gliffancy an' ivory queer-drawn boddy, an' actwilly myek them kink w' laffin till they blair; m'yed up, put doon, clag'd tegither, an' put out i' the Northumberland Dialect, egzaklely hoo w' "canny Newcastle" foaks tawk; 'aides bein' 'lustrated w' all sorts an' sizes iv the drollest, queerest, an' outlandish cut; an' ivory bit an' d'ya, spiff an' stashin, bp J. P. Roosen, J. W. Chater, an' other ellyvor cheps, a' othor belagin' Newcastle, G'etaid, or sumway else. Price oney thripence! Borklethain a lang way mair nor twenty thoooin'. London: J. R. Smith, 36 Soho square; Newcastle-on-Tyne: J. W. Chater, 52 Clayton street; awl ower the world hiv awl decent byuk-sellers, an' ivory body else.

"GOX, IT IS A KITTLE!"



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. HOBART WARD, OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTO. BY ANTHONY.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GODFREY WHITEHILL, OF OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

**BRIG.-GEN. J. H. HOBART WARD,
New York Vols.**

BRIG.-GEN. J. H. H. WARD is a native of New York city, where he was born in 1823. He comes of a family that has borne its part nobly in the military annals of the country, his grandfather, John Ward, of New Jersey, having been a member of Washington's Life Guard, and received several severe wounds in our glorious struggle for freedom. His father, James Ward, was Adjutant in Gen. Scott's regiment during the war of 1812, and was severely wounded.

Gen. Ward himself served through the Mexican

war, having been with Taylor from Corpus Christi to Monterey, and under Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and thus shared in the dangers and glories of almost every battle of the war.

After the peace of Guadalupe he returned to his native State, and was soon appointed Commissary-General, introducing many valuable reforms in the department assigned to him.

In March, 1861, he prepared once more to fight under the flag of his country, and raised the 38th regiment New York Volunteers, 2d Scott Life Guard, which has so recently, after two years gallant service, returned among us. His regiment was mustered into service June 3, 1861, and crossed into Virginia on the 7th of July.

In the battle of Bull Run the 38th N. Y. formed part

of the second brigade in the 3d, or Heintzelman's, division, and when Col. Wilcox, of the 1st Michigan, was wounded Col. Ward took command of the brigade. Col. Ward's conduct in the action elicited general praise.

When Gen. McClellan proceeded to the Peninsula the 38th formed part of his army, and in the battle of Williamsburg Col. Ward drew from the illustrious Kearny this testimony: "I ordered Col. J. H. Hobart Ward, with the 38th regiment (2d Scott Life Guard) to charge down the road and take the rifle pits in the centre of the abatis by their flank. This duty Col. Ward performed with great gallantry, his martial demeanor imparting all confidence in the attack." He elsewhere spoke of Col. Ward as "one of the bravest of the brave."

At the battle of Fair Oaks, to quote again the words of Gen. Kearny: "Col. Ward again rendered conspicuous service, and was in command of the brigade (Birney's) on the 1st inst., when it achieved a great victory."

When the army of the Potomac returned to that river, the 38th New York was one of the regiments that joined Gen. Pope, and Col. Ward led it gallantly at Warrenton and Bull Run. In the battle of Chantilly he again commanded a brigade.

His services were too evident, and his worth attested by too many like Kearny, Hooker, Heintzelman and Sedgwick to be overlooked. He was accordingly made Brigadier-General of Volunteers on the 4th October, 1862.





A SUMMER VISION.

ONE Summer morn, in musings lost,
I sat before my window,
And watched how oft the wood was crossed
By sunshine and by shadow.

Then suddenly a little maid,
Some three years old or under,
Came tripping up the silent glade,
With looks of joy and wonder:

She seemed a very fay; methought
Her silky golden tresses
Gleamed here and there, as they had caught
A sunbeam 'midst their meshes;

Her softly rounded cheeks were pale,
Her eyes were dark and lustrous:
I felt that they could tell a tale
For mortal ears too wondrous.

All clad in purest white, she seemed
So free from earthly leaven,
No wonder that at first I deemed
Her newly come from Heaven.

She paused awhile, and then her feet
Trod deftly 'midst the daisies,
Till soon she bowed her head to greet
The lilies with her praises;

Then, wandering on, she came before
The queen of woodland posies,
And smiling, curtsied o'er and o'er
To all the sweet white roses.

At last she faded like a dream,
The trees her form concealing;
Now Heaven be praised for this gleam,
True fairyland revealing!

PRIZE STORY

No. 19.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Laura W. Lamoreux.

We were to meet that night, my rival and I; she calm in the security of possessing his love, bright with the joy of his coming; I striving madly to keep down the fiery workings of my passionate nature. She would have the advantage of coolness and innocence; I must bring to my aid the whole measure of my vaunted beauty. How I valued it now this beauty I had scorned so, which I would gladly have proffered, with all my wealth, for the one heart that girl's simplicity had won long before I knew what a heart could be worth to me. For the first time I prized these paltry things, weighed them at their full value, and gave each its proper place in the contest I was waging against her happiness. We were soon to measure arms, she and I. "Poor child!" my better nature prompted, as I looked on the miniature he had given me, as an incentive to the friendship he seemed anxious to cultivate between us.

I had calculated before on my chances with that face, held it in every varying light, and caught, as I fancied, each shade of expression which such a soul as he told me hers was would send glancing over the flexible lineaments. My close scrutiny had studied out the smile of the closed lips and followed the play of the muscles about the indifferent mouth, indifferent there in the immovability of the picture, but wreathed, as I prudently estimated, with infinitesimal lines and dimples when in motion, such as betray a delicate refinement and sensitiveness of feeling, that wins so irresistibly on one's sympathies.

"Poor child!" reiterated my starved heart. "Why is she poor?" Why need I, in my isolation, regard her suffering? Parents, brothers, sisters, friends, inexhaustible tenderness and love to soothe and soften every pain, while I dash on alone through life; and whether I stand or fall have only my beauty and my wealth flung back to me, in lieu of what the heart cries louder for. But the time for repinings was past; the time for faltering over this or that misgiving struggling up from the better self so far down in the soil of my heart must check me no longer. How I crowded them all back with my icy will and said I would win this heart I had staked for, or die in the effort.

I sat there by the car window, my forehead pressed close against the glass, my hands clutched frigidly, the determination drawing tight my lips, when he

entered, and told me we were nearly there. I said I was glad. The whistle, the ring, the gradual slackening of pace, the crowded depot, a few moments of jostling and hurry, and we were in a carriage, hastening out of the town. She lived in the country. A pleasant road, I felt indistinctly, and then a pretty cottage in the distance, which I was impatiently looking for, came in sight. Yes, we were there, and that was the face running out of the door to meet us. The same smile I had conjured up from the inanimate lips in the picture, the same round cheek, only softer and more peach-like, the same straightforward appealing eyes, the careless tumbly curls, the pretty delicate figure, I took all in at a glance as she came stealing along to the gate before we were fairly alighted from the carriage.

There was no mistake in the look she turned to his face; it was the full expectancy of love. When she met me fully and squarely, and while our hands were crossed, I saw the first change go over her sweet face—a questioning doubt, visible only to a woman's keen, practised gaze, swept through the pure azure of her innocent eyes and lingered just a moment among the nervous lines about the mouth, the mouth I had looked for. She had never seen me before. I suffer no tribunals to pass their judgments over my blank face; so when her lover, from time to time, requested me for a likeness of myself in exchange for the one which had been so frankly sent me, I as often adroitly evaded the request. She was evidently taken by surprise. The next thing to a shadow of suspicion lurked in her glance. It took but an instant to see this, but somebody else must not see it; so I unbent from the coldness I longed to stab her with and met her pretty childish ways with as much of responsive gentleness and confidence as I could assume.

Her parents and a young brother were the only members of the family at home. After dressing I returned to the sitting-room, and started a fast friendship with little Tite, all the time watching the eyes that looked such trusting love into Gerald Grant's. I would have dimmed their brightness with one fiendish stroke all the time I sat laughing and sporting with the boy, but I must needs be calm, I must measure the depth to which her love reached, I must know the chasm where she had gone before me. How I watched and laid my foot-way over the girl's heart, and tried to say "No matter!" when her sweet face smote on the surface of my dark designs. How pretty she looked when I said I would bid them good-night, standing there in her gauzy white dress by Gerald's side. His eye turned from the one to the other of us. I saw the comparison he was making, and softened with a smile, half in imitation of her own, the expression of my face, which I felt the sight of her loveliness was stiffening into rigidity. His gaze brightened under this new look of mine, he did not know it, though; and so I left them, his eye following me from the room.

I went directly to my chamber and placed myself mockingly before the mirror. I looked at the reflection of myself as coolly as though my soul, within another frame, were looking at my frame housing another soul. It would have been affection to have said the face and form that met my gaze were not pre-eminently beautiful, and I said it over with slow scornful indifference. I cared so little for it in itself that I could use it with the cold cautiousness of one who is handling some plastic substance from whence a form is to be moulded. I could dally with it, unhampered by vanity; I valued it only, and I valued it fully, as a part of the material from which the mighty purpose of my soul would work its end. Mama's long, golden brown hair sweeping down to my knees, her smooth Italian forehead, cheek and chin, her delicate throat, and graceful, swaying outline of form and feature, with papa's decided eyebrows, nose and lips, and papa's own glorious eyes—ah, I always thanked him for them!—dark as the midnight, deep, fathomless, impenetrable. A rich inheritance, papa.

I bent lower, and gazed further into those burning eyes, while all the beautiful hair came falling, wave after wave, over the white shoulders, down, down, enveloping the slight leaning figure in coil, and curl, and twist of silken weavery; and then I threw out my arms and twined them together over

the shining mass that swathed my breast, and peering away into their fathomless, misty depths, I whispered:

"Yes, yes, he will love you!"

What prompted him to bring me to that girl's home—to break her heart?

Not until long after midnight did I fall asleep, and it must have been late in the morning when I awoke, for the sun was shining in through the half-open shutters and the air was full of the hum of life. I awoke refreshed and exhilarated. The morning air came in sweet and buoyant, and I drank it greedily. I gathered up my straggling hair, and pinning it in heavy folds behind my ears, chose a brilliant rose-colored muslin wrapper, and was soon ready to go down to breakfast.

I have often dreamed of being lifted softly by the wind and floating along without effort of my own, so I felt that morning as I went down the stairs and through the hall to the piazza, where they two were standing. There was no pain for me that morning, I felt, as I shook my head playfully against the wind. Gerald saw me first, his looks were more than the morning and the breeze. He had been waiting for me, he was glad I had come. It said all that. The little figure at his side came gliding up to me with proffered hand and lips. Did I burn the child's hand that she startled so? Did I sting her lips that the smile went out so swiftly? He did not see it, though; he was looking at me.

Ah, these little fair-faced women are like thermometers. I must temper my atmosphere more cautiously. When she came out again, to say breakfast was ready, I was listening to Master Tite's routine of the house-dog's accomplishments, while the dog himself sat before us, comically assenting, with a wag of the tail or a brisk bark at the end of each sentence. Gerald stood against a column of the piazza, looking at us.

"A nice little dame," I said, as I came up the stairs.

He looked at her fondly. These looks hurt me, but I must bear them awhile.

We ate food of delicate country manufacture, and feasted on delicious fresh fruits, walked, laughed, chatted and sung. And thus several bright summer days passed by. Tite was boisterously happy, and his pretty sister was coming nearer to me.

I schooled myself strictly. I allowed no scrutiny to escape in a glance, no wrong to lurk in a word or tone, no sting to protrude against her soft, sensitive touch. I held a velvet mantle close over the fiery workings of my soul, and guarded all its avenues with a tenacity that bid fair to prevent any betrayal. As I knew her better I felt wherein the charm of her character lay, like her outward beauty, in purity, delicacy and swift, but not erratic, variability. Throughout all a nice appreciativeness was apparent, so inviting in man or woman, but doubly so in the soft lines of a sweet, girlish face; that always told you more, and better, what she was thinking than any words she could find. You felt annoyed at having the pleasure created by the constantly changing shades of expression interrupted by the slower process of sound. I wished some other girl stood between Gerald Grant and I, as I knew her better. As I studied her I detected one great lack in her composition, however, which he had not missed, and which only needed the effect of contrast for him to discover. I can think of no better term than ignitability. She could appreciate, but she had not that quick, penetrating originality that anticipates a thought in another before it fairly shapes itself in words, and catches up the idea with the same enthusiasm that warms the speaker's mind. She followed patiently, but she did not keep pace with the swift thinker; she felt, but she was limited to strict correctness of feeling.

Better that she had dashed by him in thought, laughed back over her shoulder, defied him even. Then I had never hoped what I hoped on this the fifth night of our visit, as I stood by my chamber window, listening to the low hum of voices from the piazza.

The next day we were on a North River steamer on a little excursion. It was a lovely day; Gerald and she were much absorbed in each other.

I began, almost unconsciously, humming a song I had sung so often in my careless moods as to have forgotten where to place it. I stopped upon noticing that Gerald's eyes were fixed inquiringly upon me.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked.

I thought for a moment, and said it must have been papa who taught it me.

"Papa?"

"Yes," as near as I could remember.

"Will you sing the rest?"

I sang what I knew, but the song was unfinished and I could not go on. He took it up where I left off, and went through it in a manner that brought papa strongly in my mind. What could it mean? When he had finished, he asked me if I knew much of the early history of my parents. Those strains were in my ear. I could talk of papa that day without that old pain that used to keep me silent.

"Mamma was papa's ward, you know."

"No."

"Papa was a priest, you know, before he came to America," watching covertly the effect my words would produce.

"No," said the voice I waited for, just as it uttered the other "no." A low tone of quiet wit swept through my heart—papa was safe with Gerald.

"Yes, papa was a priest. My grandmother, on mamma's side, died when she was quite young, and she grew up exclusively under her father's care. He died suddenly, when mamma was only fifteen. Not only intrusting her and the large fortune he left her to papa's care, but imploring him, with a dying father's earnestness, to accept the charge, and to watch personally over the welfare of his child. It was against the sentiments of the order with which papa was connected, and quite in opposition to popular approval at that time, to allow of a priest's admitting any female, no matter what the plea, under the same roof. Papa's standing and influence in the church would have exempted him from the extreme of blame that might have attached to some under the same circumstances, had he persisted in following to the letter the entreaties of his dying friend—but he chose to have her and her nurse occupy a building near him, which was accordingly fitted up for their reception, and where he could have every facility for attending to her education. She was very youthful in appearance, and a perfect child in knowledge of the world and its ways when she came under papa's care. Had he met one such a woman as her at an earlier day, it would have spared him untold suffering and a world of cruel misrepresentation. He chose a priest's orders in the first place, in direct opposition to his parent's wishes, being the only male member of an old family and the idol of their hearts. Previous to this decision he had mingled freely in society, with all the opportunities that wealth and position could bestow. Some disappointment, being irksome to one of his impulsive temperament, and coming at an unfortunate time, had more to do with forming this decision than any religious conviction. The soothing care of those into whose hands he was thrown tended strongly to confirm him in his choice—and his friends gave him up, reluctantly, to his own preferences. This retired life, after entering upon his parish duties, enlivened occasionally by the presence of agreeable and cultivated friends, grew to be one quite in harmony with his refined tastes. His sympathies were lively, and he found enough in his immediate presence to engage without overtaxing them; and thus he was living, scarcely knowing what a lonely life he was adapting himself to, until mamma came to be his pupil. A year passed, and he found she was not the child he had taken her to be. Another, and he saw bitterly that she had twined herself around every fibre of his heart. A terrible struggle came upon him. He sent her away and shut himself from the world. He spent whole nights of wrestling agony, but it availed him nothing. In the midst of this came a letter from mamma's nurse. She was ill. She wanted to know if she might come back. Papa fled to her. He called her his darling—his child. He might love her as that, he said, blindly. And then she went back with him—and he won back the roses to her cheeks, and heard her lessons, and talked and sang to her another



A Steamboat Excursion on the Hudson.

year. She was growing a beautiful woman. He could call her 'child' no more. He could not conceal from himself the fact that she was more than life, and he feared more than his God to him—and so it was going on—

I paused here to gather up my hair which had fallen down under the breeze. I went on with my story. I loved to talk so—under the full blaze of his admiring eyes—in the full warmth of his sunshiny smile. They were all mine, this time—Mabel Gray's cheek told that; there, I can write her name now. I hate it, though:

"One lovely night mamma came out, and after walking in the garden some time, went into the summer-house, where papa had often, in warm days, been in the habit of hearing or assisting her in her lessons. She did not see him stepping back toward the corner in the shade of the vines, as she entered. They had never met there, except during study or recitation hours, and neither anticipated finding the other at this time. She walked to the table where one or two books still lay. His pen and ink were still there, and some loose paper lay near them. Sinking down on the low bench and taking it up, she discovered he had been recently writing. Frightened at what she chose to call her presumption, she replaced it instantly, and for the first time discovered that a small lamp upon the table had but just been extinguished. This added to her alarm, and she started from her seat. Papa now came forward, and begged of her to be easy—there was no harm done—he was glad to see her, he said—

"But I have disturbed you," mamma said, glancing toward the low table.

"You always do that, Leonora," he answered, sitting down beside her.

She looked frightened again and asked how—and papa told her how—and she sat beside him, smiling and weeping in turn, as he dwelt on the deep love he bore her, and the guilty consciousness he felt in being unable to drive it from him.

"Is it sin to love me?" mamma asked, innocently.

Papa had left that out of his lessons.

"Not as the world thinks I love you," and papa bowed his head on his hands, and his great sorrow surged in his heart.

"Then I must go away again," mamma said, meekly folding her hands on her bosom, and growing paler in the moonlight.

"Child, child, think of your peril—think of the odium the world will cast upon you, and fly from me."

"Where shall I go?" she murmured, and reached her arms out piteously.

"To the great world that will brand you with sin if you stay here, sheltered only by my love," papa cried, frantically, bitterly.

"And what will it give me instead?"

Papa looked at her, like one starting from a dream. The desolate loneliness of her young face overcame him. He took her in his arms, as if to snatch her from that world she knew so little of, and to which he had but just bidden her go.

"Ask what God says," mamma said, softly.

"Tell me, Leonora."

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

"Are you willing to rest on that one sentence?"

"Quite—the world is less to me than you, and it will say, one day, long hence, that we do no sin in marrying. God has said naught else."

"Have you thought of this, Leonora?"

"It needs but little thought. It never looked right to me. I can find no command of God forbidding the marriage of his ministers."

"But the church—"

"It means right," mamma added, timidly. "But—but," and she paused, in confusion.

"I know the rest," papa said, smiling. "You comfort me strangely, child."

"I am glad," she replied, musingly.

"Why?"

"I want you to be happy. I have none but you."

"And I will be happy. The world shall see how much more I can be to you than they. I will show them it was something holier than wild passion which led to the step I am about to take."

"And he did," I added. "Papa continued the same manner of life, assisted by mamma, after his marriage, as before—laying aside his priest's garments, of course. He was excommunicated, but he and mamma had come to think they could serve God outside the church. So that it did not materially affect their happiness."

I did not like the expression of Mabel's face during this narrative. When I had come to this part I asked her what she would have done? She smiled a queer smile, and asked, evasively,

"What would you?"

The smile fell from her face. Gerald saw it, and dropped his eyes.

"What would I do?" I asked, rising to my feet, the fire flashing up in my bosom and out of my eyes. "I would do just as mamma did. Love, as pure and holy as theirs, had no right to be severed by priestly cant. I would glory in proving to the world what I could do for one I loved. I would range the bleakest desert; I would cross the roughest sea. I would not only chant through the fields of Paradise beside him, but, Mabel Grey," I added, stooping over, in a half whisper, "I would go anywhere with him."

She did not reply. I followed her averted eyes to Gerald Grant's, and saw the pallor gather anew on her cheek, when she read what was plain to be read there. They were riveted full on me. I knew whose soul was rushing past hers to mine.

"Then your parents married before coming to this country?" asked Gerald.

"Oh, yes. An old German Protestant clergyman married them."

"Did your father ever return to Europe?"

"Once."

"When?"

"The year before mamma died." I ran back and dated the year for him. He compared it with one in his mind, and smiled.

"It was during his voyage home I learned the song we were just singing. I was coming home from Europe too."

"You knew papa, then?" I said, joyfully.

"Yes; I might almost say intimately. We were much together during the voyage. Strange that he never referred to me."

"Mamma was ill on his return, and died in a few months after, and he was so absorbed in grief until his own illness came on that he had little inclination to speak of anything, excepting what was essentially required of him. He must have known this, however, when he made your brother my guardian."

He said he would inquire. "I know now," he continued, "who you were always reminding me of."

"It is singular I never met you at my sister's," said Mabel, recovering herself. Her sister was my guardian's wife, and it was there the attachment between her and Gerald had been formed, long before I saw either of them.

"Not at all," I replied. "As I spent most of my vacations at home, where mamma's nurse is still living, and where papa wished me to have a home, just as they left it."

I never saw Gerald until during the previous holidays, which I was spending at my guardian's.

We were now near the shore.

"Be my Undine?" he whispered, reaching out for my hands.

"And kill you with a kiss—never!" I said, softly, touching his forehead with my lips, as I stepped from the boat.

He would not let me retire until the dampness was all dried from my hair. How tenderly he cared for me. I went to sleep, happy with these thoughts.

The next day was rainy. We had been watching for such an one, with a clearing up of the sky in the afternoon, to see the sun go down behind Red Rock Ledge—an abrupt hill, a few miles distant from the house. The afternoon was just what we desired. The clouds began to break toward five o'clock, and we to prepare for our start. Mabel was to ride her cream-colored pony; I said I would ride Gerald's black horse. He looked up with quick surprise at my mention of his horse, and refused, with the utmost decision, saying my life would be in peril.

I laughed and clapped my hands till the echo came back from the hill, over the brook. He was evidently annoyed, and I saw at once that he was ignorant of any acquaintance with his good steed Knight. I had rode him often at my guardian's, and during several vacations had been allowed to have him brought home with me, when we had practised all sorts of pranks and leaps together. Gerald, it happened, was absent on these occasions, and quite unaware of the accomplishments Knight was acquiring.

That very morning, for the first time, I learned from Tite that the black horse down in the meadow was Mr. Gerald's. I went to see him, and he knew me at once. Yes, Knight knew me better than any one else, I felt, as he held out his nose over the meadow fence, and I laid my cheek fondly against it.

"I ride no other horse," I said, looking Gerald square in the face.

We stood on the piazza steps—the horse, with his owner's saddle on, at the gate. I ran down the steps—Gerald flew past me, and took his horse by the bridle. I advanced leisurely, and laying my hand on the knee of his foreleg, said, "Down, Knight." He fell down immediately on his knees, and I was upon his back, and he upon his feet again, before Gerald was fairly conscious of the movement. Discovering that the bridle had escaped him, he was about to reach for it, when I gave the old signal we two understood so well, and saying, "Off, Knight!" away we flew, like the wind, leaving them all staring blankly after us. When at a safe distance I gathered up the reins, and speaking gently to the horse turned him about, and we came back to the astonished group at the gate, he gaily prancing to a tune I was singing. Still Gerald was not convinced. He attempted once more to take the bridle. I forbade him; and the horse, understanding the movement, shook his head from his master's reach, and backed on his haunches. Mabel laughed out merrily, and told Gerald he had better give up. He acknowledged, with a puzzled look, that I seemed to be master, and while pausing, as if in hesitancy of what he should do, I slipped down from my seat, and gave the hint to the groomsmen, who was standing by, to change the saddles, a thing I had blunderingly overlooked at the proper time.

We were soon ready for a fresh start. The air was clear and bracing. Long strips of shower-washed blue already showed behind the darkness overhead. How exultantly happy we felt—the horse and I—as we paced blithely along over the greensward.

"Afraid of my bonnie Blackie!—he would risk risk his beautiful neck for me," I said, lifting the long mane, and winding it loosely about my fingers. Still Gerald looked anxious and kept close to my side. Mabel too was uneasy, and did not like to ride very near my fiery steed.

"Leonora, I entreat of you be on your guard," he said, looking anxiously at the spirited animal's wild eye and restive motions.

"Watch you, my beauty!" I laughed, and laid down the reins, bent over till my cheek touched the silky mane, and reached my arm around the beautiful curved neck. We had ridden thus for miles over papa's woodlands. He knew the touch. The uneasy motion relaxed, and the fiery look of the eye melted into the gentleness of a child. Gerald saw it with a smile of wonder; I knew he would fear no more for me.

"Woman's work," he said; "he never gave me quite such a tender demonstration."

We rode on more comfortably now. I gave them a full account of my acquaintance with Knight, and exhibited some of the pranks I had been at the pains of teaching him. Gerald seemed interested and amused. Pretty Mabel laughed. I never saw her so bright before. The little black velvet cap and plumes set her off amazingly, and then she was happy. The misgivings so visible in her face the night before had somehow been removed. Gerald had been with her all the morning. Something had quieted those unexpressed fears of hers. She was satisfied, and she thought Gerald was happy too. I knew better. I read deeper than she. I had shown him a want: she did not see it: she could not answer it.

"Leave that to me," I said inexorably, as we rode along, and the Ledge came in sight.

"There it is," said Gerald, pointing with his riding-whip.

I nodded in recognition.

We rode in silence some time, winding around a long copse of wood, which hid the mountain from sight. At last we began to ascend. When we reached the top of the elevation the Ledge came in sight again, but apparently much farther off than before. The effect, however, was better. As we came up, the low dark clouds, which seemed to touch the summit of the hill, were partially breaking away. A deep purplish crimson was skirting their lower edges with an untold brilliancy of beauty. Higher and higher they rose, crowding their magnificence in gorgeous masses of rich-hued glory—breaking and rushing along the sky as if flying back from the presence of the Great Throne itself. Back of all, in one blazing sheet of golden red, lay the rich framework of the setting sun. A wild thrill of unutterable rapture swept through me as I gazed. I clasped my hands in adoration of Him who gives such glimpses of His beauties. I felt humbled before Him, and spurned at the selfish thoughts I had been nurturing; I forgot myself for a moment, for just a moment, in the all-absorbing vision before me. Just then Mabel's voice interrupted me. I looked up, and Gerald Grant's eyes flashed full in mine. I caught their enthusiasm. The radiance of his face warmed through my soul, but that little voice said tamely:

"How pretty it is."

"Pretty!" I exclaimed, almost savagely; "how you Americans cheapen everything with words."

No one ventured a reply.

The brightness of the sunset faded out; the rich clouds rolled off into the southern sky, and the twilight began to deepen as we turned our horses toward home. I felt the bright hues of the west gathering in my cheeks, the hot blood tingling in my lips. I pulled off my hat, and hanging it on the horns of the saddle, gave myself up to a full sense of enjoyment. I knew that the whole magic of my beauty was upon me—that it was wooing Gerald Grant with an irresistible power. I knew, too, that when he once acknowledged to himself that he loved me, he would look back upon his attachment for Mabel as a weak fancy.

Mabel was quiet. She felt rebuked at my words, so I launched out into a playful humor, laughed, talked and sung, and we arrived at the garden gate in the merriest of moods. She had already alighted from the saddle, and was giving the groom some directions about her pony, when Gerald came to help me down. He went round to the horse's head, and stroking it fondly, said:

"You are dearer than ever, my good Knight."

As he lifted me from the animal's back he begged of me not to leave them that evening. Did my good angel bid him make the request, I was so happy?

After tea we came out in the moonlight. I had scarcely noticed before how pleasantly Mabel's home was located. I began to fancy this might have something to do with the attraction the place seemed to have for him; and then there came a wish that he might see the beautiful, tasteful home papa had fitted up and left for me. I scorned using such means to render myself desirable, and I equally scorned a love that could be worked upon in this way, in the abstract, and yet one does not like to be behindhand in resources when one has selfish ends to obtain.

We were to leave Mabel next day, and I was running over in my mind the possibility of gaining Gerald's accompaniment on my route. He had originally intended going directly back to the city, while I went home for the remainder of the warm weather. Could I persuade him, after we were upon the cars, without speaking of it before our departure, to go my route? We sauntered along through the garden gate, these thoughts passing in my mind, and I determined making the attempt. Our walk in the moonlight was anything but delightful. A perplexity of manner seemed to be gaining on Gerald as the evening advanced. He was inclined toward prolonging our stay out of doors, while I, unwilling that Mabel should have occasion to feel I was intrusive, proposed returning to the house, where in spite of his request I intended leaving them as soon as was possible. Mabel assented to my proposition at once, and he could not do otherwise than appear pleased, although it must have been evident to Mabel's quick susceptibilities that he did not seize upon and make the most of their little remaining time, with loverlike eagerness.

A languid weariness was stealing over her movements, and even pervading her words. Her lightness of spirit was all gone, and the pallor of the evening before sat on her cheek again.

And thus I left them, his eye following me wistfully from the room.

Was I happy now, in my triumph?

Happy! with that pale young face looking sad and reproach through my restless dreams that night.

The morning came, bright and clear, after yesterday's rain. Gerald joined me as I came down for breakfast.

Oh, the deep, unutterable glance of his dark eye. All mine now. What life and warmth it gave me.

After breakfast came the "good-byes." Knight

was to carry us to the depot, and I stood playing with him while they two said their parting words. Something in the girl's eyes that morning made me wish to be far away when the time came for this. For worlds I would not take that look home with me; but my turn was come. Kind words—oh so gentle, so reproachfully, sadly gentle. A trembling kiss, a shrinking touch of the soft hand, lingering just a moment in mine, and we were gone. Nothing to pique me, nothing stinging or bitter, and so I had to carry away a dull, remorseful pain at my heart. She knew it, she knew she would be revenged, or she could not have been so calm.

"She shall not haunt me so," I said at last, and I swept off her image, for the time, into the dreary by-gones of my life.

Gerald would leave me at ten o'clock unless I persuaded him to go my way. He sat by my side, pointing out beauties of landscape, fine country residences, and different objects of interest as we moved swiftly along.

"You have never seen papa's villa?" I asked.

"No."

"It is considered a very pretty situation by the country people. Papa took great pains to make it pleasant."

"You never spoke of it."

"No, I don't fancy people interested in papa's arrangements."

He smiled, and I said papa chose a very wild place, and labored to retain as much of the natural roughness and beauty as he could, and not interfere with the symmetry of his plans.

"Strangers come often to see the place," I continued; "why not spare time to go home with me before returning to the city?"

He looked pleased, drew his memoranda from his pocket, and after glancing over it, said he could stop a few days, as well as not, if it would afford me pleasure.

Pleasure! I dared not betray half that his words imparted.

At three o'clock we left the cars, and found a carriage in waiting. Another hour brought us to a road leading off from the main one, and into the heart of an apparently densely wooded country. We soon came to an opening, however, and then a sudden turn brought us into full view of the villa. A large clear basin of water, lined with low shrubbery at its edge, lay between us and the lawn in front of the house. The road along which we were moving lay on a level with the surface of the water, while the villa opposite stood on higher ground sloping almost abruptly down to its edge. From the side on which we were could be seen to the best advantage an ornamented archway, underneath which ran a foaming, noisy stream, emptying into the basin, and apparently issuing from directly beneath the southern wing of the building. Some boys were fishing in a boat, at the base of the archway. On the right, at the south of the villa, the water stretched off in the distance, and was lost in the thick woods. We advanced toward the northern side, the road winding around the basin. It was very wild. Remnants of piled rock lay in broken masses, covered with the low branches of fir trees, growing stunted and deformed among them. Gnarled old oaks stood giant-like, here and there, and water elms crossed the road with their long branches, sweeping us as we passed under them. For a while the villa was out of sight. Then we crossed a rustic bridge, and came around in the carriage way, leading up to the front piazza. Opposite the piazza, and across the carriage way, was a large fountain, throwing jets of water higher than the cupola of the house, supplied from the stream running through the archway.

We were now on higher ground. A country of wild and splendid beauty lay before us. I watched Gerald's face, as it lighted with enthusiasm.

"Leonora, this is magnificent; your father was an artist."

"He used to say there was too much of the north here," I said, alighting from the carriage.

"How so?"

We had reached the piazza.

"Oh, you know papa missed the Italian softness. He thought the sunshine too white here, and was always longing for the haze of the Indian summer."

Gerald smiled, and pointed to the long stretch of undulating woodland, through which ran a beautiful stream. Beyond rose a hill, smooth, verdant, and dotted here and there with groups of trees, one might easily imagine were vineyards.

"There was his Vesuvius."

"Yes," I said, smiling eagerly. "Papa was very impatient that he could not have a volcano somewhere;" then added in a lower tone: "He used to get a fancy mamma was dying for want of the warm air that hung around Vesuvius."

Ah, Gerald, your look was more than Italy's sunshine to me, there, when we stood at mamma's threshold, and her child spoke of her.

We went in at the front door. The rooms were all open, in readiness for me. We always retained this open way of living during papa's lifetime, and at his request, after his death; so I never went home to darkened rooms and a closed house. Enough of the old servant's remained to keep up the old ways. The bright airiness of everything affected me pleasantly, as usual, upon my arrival at the villa, and I did not fail to perceive the same sensation passing over Gerald's mind. Nurse always met me with open arms, in mamma's stead. Gerald's eyes softened when he saw it, and his manner was very tender when she extended her welcome to him. She then showed him the room he was to occupy, and giving him the range of the parlors, and papa's study in case he came down before I did, I went to my own room. I did not stop to think: I hugged close the consciousness that he was with me, and swept away reproachful suggestions with the determination of a usurper. Oh, how I would wrap and bind him in the arms of my passionate love!

After tea we sat in papa's study together, sing-

ing his old songs, handling his old books, and looking over things which brought out his inner life. I did not like papa's treasures to be touched by common hands. No one since his death had been permitted the privileges I now freely proffered Gerald; but he had known him—he would read him aright.

It was delightful to see the appreciative manner with which he received all that I said of him, and the interest with which he traced out his designs. I felt that he had the clue of papa's mind, and was I not, in thought and impulse, papa's own child? Mabel Gray, it was right that he who could understand me so well should love me!

How the time flew by. I saw that he loved to stay, that the thought of leaving me was as painful to him as to me. We came in one evening from a long walk, and for the first time I took him to mamma's boudoir. It was just as she left it the day she died. Papa would never have a thing moved. I sat down where she had so often sat, and Gerald accidentally took the seat papa had so often taken beside her. Her portrait, taken when she was quite young, hung on the wall opposite us. I noticed that Gerald started when he looked at it—that his eyes became riveted for a moment, then his color changed, then he turned away.

"What is it?" I said, inquiringly.

"Who is she like?" he asked, turning again and looking up. I looked in vain for some resemblance. He smiled, and said he fancied he had seen a face somewhere like it, but could not place it. It was a strange time and place for him to smile that way. Was it a smile to disguise another feeling, or was he glad that I did not detect something he had been revolving in his mind. I looked again at the picture for a clue, but it was so entirely my youthful mamma that I could only see her. My over quick sensibilities must have led me astray, as papa used to say. I could not question, so I let the matter go, and should have succeeded in persuading myself there was nothing unusual, had it not become evident that Gerald did not like to be in the room. As we left the apartment, a servant handed me a letter. It was from my guardian, saying his wife was very ill, and requesting me to come to them. He asked, also, if I knew Gerald's whereabouts, saying that he had not heard from him since we left the city together, and requesting me to write to him at once if I knew where he was. I gave him the letter.

"Mabel is with her sister already," he said, looking at the postscript, which had escaped me.

I had been thinking how I could avoid going, while he was reading the letter, as I had an indefinable feeling, almost partaking of horror, at being in the presence of very sick people; but when he said Mabel was there, as I ought to have known she would be, I made up my mind at once, to go.

We went out into the open air again; I wanted the cool breeze on my forehead while we talked now.

"Will you go with me to-morrow, Leonora?" he asked, as we sat down on the steps.

"Do you wish it?"

"Most earnestly."

"I will go," I said.

I felt the fire of his eyes searching out mine in the starlight.

"You know it all, Leonora?"

"All."

"Can you love me?"

"Oh, how I can love you!"

"It was all a dream before, Leonora, that what I called love," he said, holding me tightly in his arms, covering my forehead with kisses.

I knew he would say that, and I repeated after him—"All a dream." And then I promised to be his wife as soon as circumstances would permit, and we parted. I did not go to papa's study that night, as usual, and say "good-night" to the two faces looking down side by side. Mamma's eyes would pierce too deep, I felt.

"All mine," I said, in the silence of my own room; "who shall tear him away?"

I went with him. With my woman's eyes I read the story of Mabel Gray's suffering—in the quivering lines of her sensitive face, in the weary look of her pure blue eyes. No reproachful word, or look, no seeking for explanation, but she put Gerald Grant farther from her, with that straightforward pursuance of duty, than ocean or abyss could have severed them. He did not know it then, though, and I meant that he should not. I watched him like a tigress. I kept him in a maze of bewilderment, worshipping me blindly, almost madly. While she bowed her pale face over a couch of pain, I burnished my beauty with fresh lustre for his eyes, and he forgot she was there. While she kept her nightly vigils, I sat in a distant room, reading in low tones, while he knelt listening at my feet, as if an angel spoke. And so it went on until my guardian's wife died. Then we separated.

In a short time Gerald and I were married, and we came to live here, where papa and mamma were so happy together.

Two years of uninterrupted joy to me, and I supposed to him, followed. We lived wholly at home, and found our happiness altogether in each other's society. I felt secure in the confidence that his heart was wholly, undisturbedly mine—that every remembrance of his attachment to Mabel was obliterated. I had no conception of what remorse was to a noble, impulsive man. And I did not dream that vengeance for the innocent was so sure-footed. Now and then came intelligence, in a round-about way, of Mabel in her quiet home, patiently performing her duty to her family and friends.

"She seems cheerful," were the words I some times heard; "but it is evident her sister's death weighs on her." I knew what wore deeper, but I drove the thought and the reproach it brought from me, and took care that no such information should come to my husband's knowledge. This desire grew to be an anxiety with me. I grew ingenious in my methods of occupying his attention

most exclusively, without any appearance of selfish monopoly.

During the next year he seemed to love me none the less, but grew abstracted, at times almost sad. He always seemed grateful for my presence then, and when I found him thus generally succeeded in dispelling the slight gloom that had settled upon his spirits. I carefully avoided all questioning, lest they might lead to the agitation of feelings he was hardly conscious of, and which I would not permit to assume a tangible shape in my own mind. My watchfulness did not suffice. These moods became more frequent; and he would sometimes wander off now, as if he was indulging in painful reflections, that he did not wish me to witness. Was my spell upon him broken? The thought stirred me wildly, and I watched him, feeling that I would rather have him die than it should come to that. I found him one day in mamma's room, before that picture of hers, with a face like one in prayer. Oh, that I could fathom the mystery of that picture and the power it had over him. I stole away unobserved, and found that he went there often thus. I must have been maniacal, they say they are so cunning, for I left no manner of device unused by which I might ascertain this thing I was so anxious to discover, without direct inquiry. I would not say, "Will you tell me why you seem unhappy?" I would not ask, "Do you love me less, or is my power to give you joy withdrawn?" This would imply then I half feared my own sufficiency. It would lead on to deeper inquiry, and then there might spring up causes for jealousy, and I, like other jealous women, might use weapons which would wound only myself. Did I not half divine the thing I sought, when I lay awake, listening by his side for some word or clue to escape him, in his restless dreams? And yet, what would I have done if there had, and it had been her name?

About this time a little babe came to us. A beautiful blue-eyed girl. Strange, they should have been blue, when her papa's and mine were so dark! How Gerald loved her. No more musings, no more moments of stolen sadness now. His whole interest was centred in that one little round face. He would sit for hours over her, watching her sleeping face with an earnestness that grew annoying to me. Sometimes there was the same pleading, self-reproachful expression in his gaze that I had seen when he stood before mamma, especially as she grew older and began to recognize him, and show pleasure at his approach. I had been weak and feeble since the birth of my child, and this mystery growing deeper and more painful wore sensibly on my nerves. Gerald's care and attention was increasing, but I grew strangely restless. I came to dislike the presence of the child, and I longed to tear down that hateful picture of mamma. In such a mood I went to her boudoir one day, and sat studying the lineaments I had so often and vainly studied. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and the full light of the western sky shone on the picture. Gerald came in, leading his child, who was just learning to walk. He guided her little tottering feet carefully along, until she reached out her hands and caught the folds of my dress and stood at my knee. She raised her beautiful face expectantly to mine. The lips were parted in a loving smile, and the eyes; the more than earthly eyes, oh, how they searched me. I paused to gaze longer, and she raised her hands coaxingly, while that look, that childish appealing look of Mabel Gray's shone out, as clear to me now as the noonday. I turned to the picture, and, yes, yes, it was the same. Oh, what a whirlwind went round me! I struck my child from me, I sprang upon a sofa, and tearing down the portrait, trampled it under my feet; and then I fell down, weak, and helpless and hopeless. What was it now, that Gerald hung over my pillow and wept, and wondered while I raved? What were all his soothing words and tender caresses, when his heart had been going back to Mabel Gray. What a vengeance is upon me. What a condemnation stares at me, from my baby's face, from mamma's brown eyes, that I tried to stamp and grind beneath my feet. Gerald pities me, Mabel, pities me while I rave, but he does not know how I hold the secret and read his heart. I am mad. They show it in their looks, but they know not why? They do not know it is because you are to be avenged. Because, your innocence cries out, and your wrongs are calling for redress. And will hug the secret and carry it hence where I am going. I must write it here, for it burns in my heart, and they will hear it, when my proud old will gives way, and I cannot hush my madness, and keep down these cries that rend my spirit. Let me keep it with me till I die—till papa comes to me on the other shore, and then I do not care. Yes, I am dying, Mabel Gray, and oh, how he'll mourn me. But you, you will be his comforter, and she will love you, too, my own babe will, and call you what she has never called me, "mamma." And the world will say how like you she is, when I am where—where, Mabel Gray?

Leonora Grant's words were prophetic—She lived only a few months, most of the time a maniac. During some of her busier moments she called for writing materials, and as it was unsafe to refuse her anything, she was permitted to do as she desired; at such times the foregoing sketch was written, and although she seemed weak and exhausted after the exertion, she raved less, and her physician thought that, upon the whole, there was less exhaustion of strength than there would have been otherwise.

It was only at such times that she permitted her child to be brought into her presence; even then it was observed that, amid all her caresses, her eyes were averted from the little one.

After her death, her husband mourned her long and sincerely, but true to her dying words Mabel Gray became eventually his comforter. True to the character her successful rival gave her, she forgot and forgave all, and became a tender mother

to the child she left behind, and a devoted wife to him who wronged her so deeply in her youth; with the exception of a few who know the circumstances, no one dreams but the child is Mabel's own, the resemblance is so strongly marked. Leonora's large fortune, including the villa, which has never been occupied since her death, is reserved strictly for the child, and carefully attended to as during her life.

Strangers frequently note the resemblance between the defaced portrait in the lady's boudoir at the villa and the young child, and wonder greatly so delightful a residence should be so seldom visited by its possessors.

Two hearts and the vault in the southern slope bear the secret.

THE REVIEW.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

COME to me, boys! I still am weak—
Too weak to tread as I have trod

On freedom's blood-red harvest field,
Reaping it to the will of God.

But I have something I would say,
Words I would have the children hear,
Who love my grandsire's memory,
And hold his blood-bought freedom dear.

Ye wish to draw the soldier's sword,
And battle for that flag of old
He bore on Bunker's glorious hill,
Our country's striped and starry fold.
That flag, this arm, when once more strong,
Should bear in any field on earth,
For that grand Union in whose bounds
I woke me to a freeman's birth.

Upon Antietam's field our foes—
Brothers in birth, in blood, in speech—
Fought us with all the bitter hate
That lying-hearted traitors teach.
And when they broke mine eyes rained tears
To see so many on that plain—
Brave lives crushed out in silence drear,
Or left to writhe in death's fierce pain.

Mothers, like her whose love has borne
In her fond arms each infant form
She bore me, cradled the glad babes
In their embraces soft and warm;
Fathers, like me, have watched each boy
Bud on those bosoms, and expand
Through youth to manhood's lusty growth,
Guided by their controlling hand.

And yet—God save the Union! Ay!
And He will save it. These must bleed—
Mothers must weep them—old men mourn
Their children—kites and buzzards feed.
I, too, will once more draw the sword
For that great life my fathers won—
The Union, earned by Freedom's toll,
And handed down from sire to son.

But, to your knees, my boys and pray,
This fratricidal strife may be
The last which smites the land our God
Best blessed when He first made it free.
Pray, with your mother, that no need
Compels such service on your souls,
To Him whose will shapes trial out,
And for man's good this life controls.

So shall I feel a grander faith
Kindling mine heart, when I again
Gird on my sword for that foul strife
Where blood-kin only are the slain.
So shall I feel, when God grants peace,
His will give me assurance, time
Shall never more on this—our soil—
Repeat rebellion's crimson crime.

So shall I go forth to my task,
Believing He will end it when,
In His good time, he thinks it best
To calm the fiery souls of men;
And when I strike, upon my sense
The greatness of the faith shall rise,
That what I do He wills, and thus
His Will red battle sanctifies.

Marking the Boundary.

My friend Binks was a clever fellow, good-hearted and amiable when you once knew him, but slightly disposed to be selfish when you did not. Binks was an Alabamian, and like most gentlemen coming from what are now the self-elected Confederate States of America, disposed to bombast and to consider his own little spot of ground the very salt of the earth. He was absorbed in his belief that "Old Alabama" was just the greatest place to come from on the face of the earth. On the strength of this belief Binks was proud, though his pocket did not keep pace with his pride. He was studying medicine, running his two courses, according to law, in the New York University Medical School, and doing up his boarding at a respectable widow establishment in Bleeker street, where for part of the season he had occupied a room by himself, saddled with the proviso that should another boarder offer, it was understood that he was to share Binks's room and occupy bed No. 2.

Binks had begun to persuade himself that no room-mate was to come between the wind and his nobility, when one day the fabric was shattered by his landlady announcing that she had accepted "a gentleman from Kentucky," who would that afternoon take up his quarters as a sharer of Binks's

hospitality. Binks had nothing to say, though not in an especial good humor at the announcement, and that afternoon staid at home to get an early sight at the new comer, and "set things right," as he expressed it.

The "gentleman from Kentucky" made his appearance, six foot in length, lank and long-armed, staring wildly about, and entirely overlooking Binks, who glared at him from his seat by the window. Kentucky strode about the room, unpacked his trunk, threw everything helter-skelter, whistled and acted pretty much as he pleased and as though he was alone. Binks stood it all easily enough, although boiling with indignation, until at last Kentucky made a dash for the window where he sat, hoisted the sash and spat deliberately into the street. This was too much for Binks. He sprang from his chair as though accelerated by a pin, and planted himself in front of Kentucky, with:

"See here, mister; as we two have got to occupy this room together, there may as well be an amicable understanding between us at once. It may save quarrels."

"Wal!" drawled Kentucky; "guess we may's well."

"Now, then," pursued Binks, "there's two beds in this room, two washstands, two tables and four chairs; we'll divide them equally. You may take that set and that side, and I this. Do what you please on your own side, you're master there; and I'll do the same on mine; but don't you offer to put your foot on my premises, and I shan't interfere on your side. Is't a bargain?"

"Ya-a-s," drawled Kentucky, with just the least little twinkle of the eye. "Sartin!"

"Then I shall draw a line just here," said Binks, suiting the action to the word, and drawing a chalk line, dividing the room equally, "and let neither of us cross it."

"Done!" said Kentucky, watching the process with evident satisfaction, and ending the ceremony by insisting upon shaking hands with Binks across the line to bind the bargain.

Binks having settled this point to his entire satisfaction, commenced his toilet, getting himself up most elaborately, while Kentucky stretched himself full length upon his bed and watched him from the corner of his eye.

By-and-bye Binks was ready for the street, and with hands in his pockets, whistling, he sallied toward the door. As quick as lightning Kentucky was on his feet and confronting him at the line with snapping eyes.

"No, you don't, stranger! You made the bargain yourself, and, by Jehoshaphat, ye got to keep it."

"What the devil do you mean, man? How do you suppose I'm to get out of the room if I don't go this way?" said Binks, a little scared by the earnestness of Kentucky.

"That's your business, squire. It's my business to see that you don't cross that ere line; an' by ginger you ain't agoin' to while I kin help it."

"Why there's no other way to get out of the room," expostulated Binks.

"There's the window, squire."

"The window! Why, it's three storeys from the street."

"That ain't my fault, ye see; I didn't build the house. Ye had oughter kept the right o' way when ye made yer bargain."

Kentucky was too much for Binks, and Binks saw it in a moment. Like a defeated rooster, he crawled back to his chair to consider the matter, while Kentucky returned to his post on the bed. From these points they surveyed each other for a quarter of an hour without a word spoken, and then Binks deliberately rose from his chair, took his blacking-brush, and in the humble position of a scrubber, obliterated every vestige of the boundary-line. This done, with a face beaming with smiles, he advanced straight to Kentucky's bed and grasped his hand in an agony of admiration. Not a word was spoken, but the war was done, and from that time forth Binks and Kentucky were sworn friends, and to this day the matter of the boundary line would never have been known, but that one evening, Binks, in an excess of admiration for Kentucky, basked with one or two hot drinks, told it himself.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

THE lively London letter-writer of the N. Y. Times says, that a General never should, in battle, depend upon or even take into action men whose time is nearly out. An anecdote recorded by Prior is apropos to this. A common soldier in the Duke of Marlborough's army had particularly distinguished himself by his gallantry in volunteering to lead several forlorn hopes, which he had done with untiring success. On one occasion he had, as it were, surpassed himself, and was presented with a Captain's commission by the great Duke himself. A few days afterwards he was asked by the Duke to lead another forlorn hope. To the Duke's astonishment the officer firmly declined. When asked for an explanation for such unusual conduct, he coolly replied: "The other day, my Lord Duke, I was only a common soldier, and didn't care a snap for my life, but I am now a person of some importance, and value myself accordingly." The great warrior laughed, and said: "Well, you've done your share of that work; I'll select another."

TRUE DIGNITY.—A mason from Balmoral was examined in the jury court. The presiding judge, Lord Deas, spoke rather sharply to the man, who replied, "Just allow me to take time; I'm not accustomed to sit a company." On his leaving the box, he said to the bystanders, "The Queen has been in my hut, and speaks pleasantly, and draws the bairns' pictures; I would far rather speak to the Queen than to you man wi' the big wig."

ONE would have thought, since the war has carried off so many of our young men, that ladies, even of the venerable age of 25, need not have gone a begging for a lord and master. This advertisement in the New York Tribune seems, however, to contradict our theory:

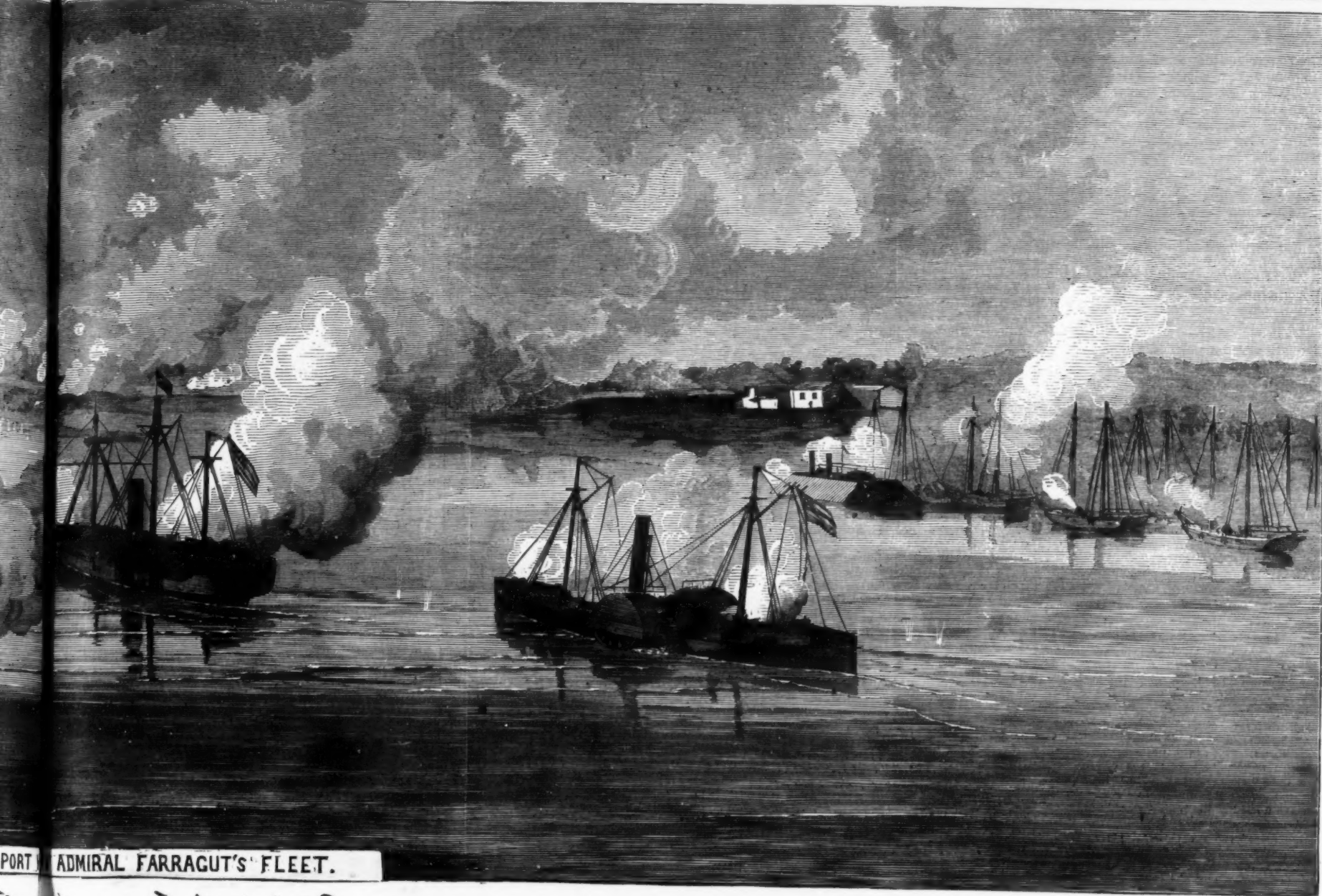
WANTED. A HUSBAND.—A Lady, 25 years of age, tall and slim, fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, would like to marry a rich man, from 50 to 75 years of age. Would like a pleasant, cheerful man, without any incumbrance. None under 50 need answer this. Direct to Mrs. H. G. COLBY, Cleveland, Ohio, for three weeks.



BOMBARDMENT OF PORT



ASSAULT OF THE SECOND LOUISIANA (COLORED) REGIMENT ON



PORT ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET.



ON WORKS AT PORT HUDSON, MAY 27—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

JOHNNY GALE.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

THERE was a lad in Hoosier land,
His neighbors called him Johnny Gale,
Who fell in love with Nelly Bland,
And thereby hangs a woful tale;
For when he spoke of Cupid's dart,
And sighed as lovers ought to,
Fair Nelly vowed she'd break his heart,
She would, and—nothing shorter!

Poor Johnny sighed, and told his grief,
But careless Nelly never hears,
Although he showed his handkerchief
Wet through and through with briny tears.

"Oh, Nelly, do not be my death,
You know you hadn't oughter."
"What harm to stop your silly breath?
I will, and—nothing shorter!"

But when John started for the creek,
Declaring his intent to drown,
Poor Nelly's heart beat very quick,
A gentle smile replaced the frown;
"Oh, John, come back," she, blushing, said,
"I love you—kinder—sorter;
And if you have a mind to wed,
I—won't do—nothing shorter!"

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—ON THE TRACK.

TURN little pony-carriage drove on to the station; and Eleanor, like some traveller in a dream, saw the castle walls and turrets, the busy street and hurrying people spin past her eyes, and melt into confusion. She did not know how she entered the railway station, or how she came to be walking quietly up and down the platform with Mrs. Darrell. There was a choking sensation in her dry throat, a blinding mist before her eyes, and a confusion that was almost terrible to bear in her brain. She wanted to get away; anywhere, so long as it was away from all the world. In the meantime, she walked up and down the platform with Launcelot Darrell's mother by her side.

"I am mad," she thought. "I am mad. It cannot be so."

Again and again in the course of Eleanor Vane's brief association with the widow's son, something, some fancy, some shadowy recollection, vague and impalpable as the faintest clouds in the summer sky above Hazlewood, had flashed across her mind, only to be blotted away before she could even try to define or understand it. But now these passing fancies all culminated into one conviction; Launcelot Darrell was the man whom she had seen lounging on the kerbstone of the Boulevard on the night of her last parting with her father.

In vain she reasoned with herself that she had no justifiable grounds for this conviction—the conviction remained, nevertheless. The only foundation for her belief that Launcelot Darrell, from amongst all other men, was the one man whom she sought to pursue, was a resemblance in his attitude as he stood lounging in the Windsor street to the attitude of the young man on the Boulevard. Surely this was the slightest, the weakest foundation on which belief ever rested. Eleanor Vane could acknowledge this; but she could not lessen the force of that belief. At the very moment when the memory of her father and her father's death had been furthest from her thoughts, this sudden conviction, rapid and forcible as inspiration, had flashed upon her.

The matter was beyond reason, beyond argument.

The young man loitering listlessly upon the kerbstone of the Windsor street was the man who had loitered on the Boulevard, waiting, sulkily enough, while his companion tempted George Vane to his destruction.

It seemed as if the girl's memory, suddenly endowed with a new and subtle power, took her back to that August night in the year '53, and placed her once more face to face with her father's enemy. Once more the dark, restless eyes, the pale, cowering face, and moustached lip, overshadowed by the slouched hat, flashed upon her for a moment, before the sulky stranger turned away to keep moody silence throughout his companion's babble. And with that memory of the past was interlinked the face and figure of Launcelot Darrell; so closely, that de what she would, Eleanor Vane could not disassociate the two images.

And she had suffered this man, of all other men, to tell her that he loved her; she had taken a romantic pleasure in his devotion; day after day, and hour after hour, she had been his companion; sharing his enjoyments, sympathizing with his pursuits, admiring and believing him. This day, this very day, he had held her hand, he had looked in her face, and the words she had spoken to Richard Thornton had proved only a vain boast after all. No instinct in her own heart had revealed to her the presence of her father's murderer.

Mrs. Darrell looked furtively every now and then at the girl's face. The iron rigidity of that face almost startled the widow. Was it the expression of terrible grief restrained by a superhuman effort of will?

"Does this girl love my son, I wonder?" the widow thought; and then the answer prompted by a mother's pride came quickly after the question. "Yes, how could she do otherwise than love him?"

How could any woman on earth be indifferent to my boy?"

Something, almost akin to pity stirred faintly in the heart, which was so cold to every creature upon earth, except this spoiled and prodigal son; and Mrs. Darrell did her best to comfort the banished girl.

"I am afraid you are ill, my dear Miss Vincent," the widow said. "The excitement of this sudden departure has been too much for you. Pray, my dear, do not think that I submit to this necessity without very great regret. You have given me perfect satisfaction in everything you have done ever since you entered my house. No praises I can bestow upon you in recommending you to a new home will go beyond the truth. Forgive me, forgive me, my poor child; I know I must seem very cruel; but I love my son so dearly—I love him so dearly!"

There was real feeling in the tone in which these words were spoken; but the widow's voice sounded far away to Eleanor Vane, and the words had no meaning. The girl turned her stony face towards the speaker and made a feeble effort to understand what was said to her; but all power of comprehension seemed lost in the bewilderment of her brain.

"I want to get back to London," she said. "I want to get away from this place. Will it be long before the train starts, Mrs. Darrell?"

"Not five minutes. I have put up your money in this envelope, my dear, a quarter's salary—the quarter began in June, you know, and I have paid you up to September. I have paid for your ticket, also, in order that your money might not be broken into by that expense. Your luggage will be sent to you to-morrow. You will get a cab at the station, my dear. Your friends will be very much surprised to see you, no doubt."

"My friends!" repeated Eleanor, in an absent tone.

"Yes, the good music-mistress and her son. I have your address, Miss Vincent, and you may rely on hearing from me in a few days. I shall take care that you suffer no inconvenience from this sudden change in all our plans. Good-bye, and God bless you, my dear!"

Eleanor had taken her seat in the carriage by this time, and the train was about to move. Mrs. Darrell held out her hand, but the girl drew away from her with a sudden movement of terror.

"Oh, please do not shake hands with me!" she cried. "I am very, very unhappy."

The train moved away before the widow could reply to this strange speech, and the last thing that Eleanor saw was the pale face of Launcelot Darrell's mother turned towards her with a look of surprise. "Poor child," thought Mrs. Darrell, as she walked slowly back to the station-door, before which her pony-carriage waited. "She feels this very much, but she has acted nobly."

The widow sighed as she remembered that the worst part of the struggle was yet to come. She would have her son's indignation to encounter and to endure; not the stormy passion of a strong man unfairly separated from the woman he loves, but the fretful irritation of a spoiled child who has been robbed of a favorite toy.

It was nearly dark when Eleanor Vane reached the Pilasters. She paid and dismissed the cab in Dudley street, and made her way on foot under the familiar archway, and into the Colonnade, where the same children seemed to be playing the same games in the dusky light, the same horses peering from the stable-doors, the same cabmen drinking at the old-fashioned public-house at the corner.

The signora was giving a singing-lesson to a stolid young person with a fat face and freckles, who was being prepared for the lyric drama, and wished to appear at one of the opera-houses as Norma, after a dozen lessons or so. Eliza Piccirillo was trying her hardest to simplify a difficult passage for this embryo Grial's comprehension, when Eleanor Vane opened the door of the little sitting-room and appeared on the threshold.

It would have been natural to the girl to have rushed to the piano and flung herself into the arms of the signora at the risk of upsetting the stolid pupil; and there was something so very unnatural in her manner as she paused in the open doorway, something so wan and ghostlike in her appearance, that Eliza Piccirillo rose in alarm from her music-stool and stared aghast at this unexpected visitor.

"Eleanor!" she exclaimed. "Eleanor!"

"Yes, dear signora, it is I. I—I know I have come back very unexpectedly; I have a great deal to tell you by-and-by. But I am tired to death. May I sit down, please, while you finish your lesson?"

"May you sit down! My darling Nelly, is that the way you talk in your old home? My dear, dear child, do you think you can ever come so unexpectedly as to fail to find a welcome from Eliza Piccirillo? Here, my dear, sit down, and make yourself as comfortable as you can until I'm able to attend to you. Excuse me, Miss Dobson, we'll get on with this duet directly."

The music-mistress wheeled forward an old easy-chair, her own favorite seat, and Eleanor dropped wearily into it. Signora Piccirillo removed the girl's bonnet and tenderly smoothed her tumbled hair, murmuring expressions of welcome and affection, and whispering a promise that the lesson should be very soon finished.

She went back to "Norma" after seeing Eleanor comfortably ensconced in the armchair, and hammered away sturdily and conscientiously at the "Deh, conte" duet, in which Miss Dodson gave a very mild interpretation of the Italian composer's meaning, and sang about Pollio, her children and her wrongs as placidly as if she had been declaiming her wish to be a butterfly or any other sentiment common to English ballad-singers.

But when Miss Dodson had finished singing, and had put on her bonnet and shawl, which operation occupied a great deal of unnecessary time, and had rolled up her music and found her gloves, which had fallen off the piano and hidden themselves in

an obscure and dusty corner of the room, and had further entered into a detailed and intricate explanation of her engagements and domestic circumstances, before making an appointment for the next lesson, and had been finally hustled out of the room and lighted down the stairs, and fully instructed as to the nearest way from the Pilasters to Camden Town, Eliza Piccirillo was able to give her full attention to the pale-faced girl who had returned so suddenly to her old shelter. The music-mistress was almost frightened at the expression of Eleanor Vane's face. She remembered only too well having seen that look before, upon the September night in Paris, when the girl of fifteen had sworn to be revenged upon her father's enemies.

"Nelly, my darling," she said, seating herself beside Eleanor's chair, "how is it that you come home so suddenly? Nothing could be greater happiness than to have you back, my dear; but I know that something has happened—I can see it in your face, Nelly. Tell me, my dear, what is it?"

"It is nothing to be sorry about, dear signora; I have come away because—because Mrs. Darrell wished it. Her son—her only son has come home from India, and she wants him to marry a rich woman, and—"

"And he has fallen in love with you, eh, Nelly?" asked the signora. "Well, I'm not surprised to hear that, my dear; and you are honorable enough to beat a retreat and leave the young man free to make a mercenary marriage at his mother's bidding. Dear, dear, what strange things people are ready to do for money now-a-days. I'm sure you've acted very wisely, my darling; so cheer up, and let me see the bright smile that we've been accustomed to. There's nothing in all this to make you look so pale, Nelly."

"Do I look pale?"

"Yes; as pale as a ghost weary with a long night's wandering. Nelly dear," said the signora, very gently, "you weren't in love with this young man; you didn't return his affection, did you?"

"In love with him!" cried Eleanor Vane, with a shudder, "oh! no, no."

"And yet you seem sorry at having left Hazlewood."

"I am sorry—I—I had many reasons for wishing to stay there."

"You were attached to your companion, Miss Mason?"

"Yes, I was very much attached to her," answered Eleanor; "don't ask me any more questions to-night, dear signora. I'm tired out with my journey and the excitement of—all—that has happened to-day. I will explain things more fully to-morrow; I am glad to come back to you—very, very glad to see you once more, dearest friend; but I had a strong reason for wishing to stay at Hazlewood—I have a powerful motive for wanting to go back there, if I could go back—which I fear I never can." The girl stopped abruptly, as if absorbed in her own thoughts, and almost unconscious of her friend's presence.

"Well, well, my dear, I won't question you any further," Eliza Piccirillo said, soothingly. "Goodness knows, my dear, I am glad enough to have you with me, without worrying you about the why and the wherefore. But I must go and try and get your little room ready again for you, or perhaps, as it's late, you'd better sleep with me to-night."

"If you please, dear signora."

The music-mistress hurried away to make some preparations in the bedchamber adjoining the little sitting-room, and Eleanor Vane sat staring at the guttering tallow candles on the table before her, lost in the tumult and confusion of thoughts which as yet took no distinct form in her brain.

At the very moment at which she had set a barrier between herself and Hazlewood, that might prevent her ever crossing the threshold of its gates, she had made a discovery which rendered that retired country dwelling-house the one spot upon earth to which she had need to have free access.

"I fancied that I was going away from my revenge when I left London to go into Berkshire," she thought, "now I leave my revenge behind me at Hazlewood. And yet how can it be as I think? How can it be so? Launcelot Darrell went to India a year before my father died. Can it be only a likeness after all—an accidental likeness between that man and Mrs. Darrell's son?"

She sat thinking of these things—reasoning with herself upon the utter improbability of the identity of the two men, yet yielding again and again to that conviction which had forced itself upon her, sudden and irresistible, in the Windsor street—while the signora bustled about between the two rooms, stopping to cast a stolen glance now and then at Eleanor Vane's thoughtful face.

Mr. Richard Thornton came in by-and-by. The Phoenix was closed as to dramatic performances but the scene-painter's work never stopped. The young man gave utterance to a cry of delight as he saw the figure sitting in his aunt's easy chair.

"Nell!" he exclaimed, "has the world come to an end, and have you dropped into your proper position in the general smash! Eleanor, how glad I am to see you."

He held out both his hands. Miss Vane rose and mechanically put her white fingers in the weather-beaten looking palms held out to receive them.

In that moment the scene-painter saw that something had happened.

"What's the matter, Nell?" he cried, eagerly.

"Hush, Dick," said the girl, in a whisper. "I don't want the signora to know."

"You don't want the signora to know what?"

"I have found that man."

"What man?"

"The man who caused my father's death!"

CHAPTER XXII.—IN THE SHIPBROKER'S OFFICE.

ELEANOR VANE employed the morning after her arrival at the Pilasters in writing to Laura Mason. She would have written a long letter if she could,

for she knew what grief her sudden departure must have caused her childish and confiding companion; but she could not write of anything except the one thought that absorbed her whole brain, leaving her for the common business of life a purposeless and powerless creature. The explanation which she gave of her sudden departure was lame and labored; her expressions and regard were trite and meaningless. It was only when she came to that subject which was the real purpose of her letter; it was only when she came to write of Launcelot Darrell that there was any vigor or reality in her words.

"I have a favor to ask you, dear Laura," she wrote, "and I must beg you to use your best discretion in granting it. I want you to find out for me the date of Mr. Darrell's departure for Calcutta, and the name of the vessel in which he sailed. Do this, Laura, and you will be serving me; perhaps serving him also."

"If I find that he really was in India at the date of my father's death," Eleanor thought, "I must cease to suspect him."

Later in the day Miss Vane went out with Richard into the streets and squares in which all their secret conferences had taken place. She told the scene-painter very simply and briefly of what had happened, and poor Dick listened to her story with a tender respect, as he would have listened to anything from her. But he shook his head with a sad smile when she had finished.

"What do you think now, Richard?" she asked.

"I think that you are the dupe of a foolish fancy, Nelly," the young man answered. "You are deceived by some chance resemblance between this Mr. Darrell and the man you saw upon the Boulevard. Any dark pale-faced man lounging moodily on a kerbstone would have reminded you of the figure which is so interwoven with the memories of that mournful time in Paris. Forget it, Nelly, my dear; forget that dark chapter in the history of your girlhood. Your father's rest will be none the sweeter because the brightness of your youth is blighted by these bitter memories. Do your duty, Eleanor, in the state to which you are called. You are not called upon to sacrifice the fairest years of your life to a Quixotic scheme of vengeance."

"Quixotic!" cried Eleanor, reproachfully, "you would not speak like this, Richard, if your father had suffered as my father suffered through the villainy of a gambler and cheat. It is no use talking to me, Dick," she added, resolutely, "if this conviction which I cannot get out of my mind is a false one, its falsehood must be proved; if it is true—why then it will seem to me as if Providence had flung this man across my pathway, and that I am appointed to bring punishment upon him for his wickedness."

"Perhaps, Eleanor; but this Mr. Darrell is not the man."

"How do you know he is not?"

"Because, according to your own account, Launcelot was in India in the year '53."

"Yes, they say that he was there."

"Have you any reason to doubt the fact?" asked Richard.

"Yes," answered Eleanor, "when Mr. Darrell first returned to Hazlewood, Laura Mason was very anxious to hear all about what she called his 'adventures' in India. She asked him a great many questions, and I remember—I cannot tell you, Dick, how carefully I listened at the time, though every word comes back to me now as vividly as if I had been a prisoner on trial for my life, listening breathlessly to the evidence of the witnesses against me—I remember now how obstinately Launcelot Darrell avoided all Laura's questions, telling her at last, almost rudely, to change the subject. The next day Mr. Monckton came to us, and he talked about India, and Mr. Darrell again avoided the question in the same sullen, disagreeable manner. You may think me weak and foolish, Richard, and I dare say I am so, but Mr. Monckton is a very clever man. He could not be easily deceived."

"But what of him?"

"He said, 'Launcelot Darrell has a secret, and that secret is connected with his Indian experiences.' I thought very little of this at the time, Dick; but I think I understand it now."

"Indeed, and the young man's secret—?"

"Is that he never went to India."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes, Richard, I think and believe this, and you must help me to find out whether I am right or wrong."

The scene-painter sighed. He had hoped that his beautiful adopted sister had long since abandoned or forgotten her Utopian scheme of vengeance, in the congenial society of a gay-hearted girl of her own age; and, behold, here she was, vindictive, resolute, as upon that Sunday evening, a year and a half ago, on which they had walked together in those dingy London streets.

Eleanor Vane interrupted her companion's sigh.

"Remember your promise, Richard," she said. "You promised to serve me, and you must do so—you will do so, won't you, Dick?"

The avenging fury had transformed herself into a siren as she spoke, and looked archly up at her companion's face, with her head on one side, and a soft light in her gray eyes.

"You won't refuse to serve me, will you, Richard?"

"Refuse," cried the young man. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, you know very well there is nothing in the world I could refuse you."

Miss Vane accepted this assurance with great composure. She had never been able to disassociate Richard Thornton with those early days in which she had accompanied him to Covent Garden to buy mulberry leaves for his silkworms, and learned to play "God save the Queen" upon the young musician's violin. Nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea that poor Dick's feelings could have undergone any change since those childish days in the King's Road, Chelsea.

The letter which Eleanor so feverishly awaited from Laura Mason came by return of post. The

young lady's epistle was very long, and rather rambling in its nature. Three sheets of notepaper were covered with Miss Mason's lamentations for her friend's absence, reproachful complainings against her friend's cruelty, and repeated entreaties that Eleanor would come back to Haslewood.

George Vane's daughter did not linger over this feminine missive. A few days ago she would have been touched by Laura's innocent expressions of regard; now her eyes hurried along the lines, taking little note of all those simple words of affection and regret, and looking greedily forward to that one only passage in the letter which was likely to have any interest for her.

This passage did not occur until Eleanor had reached the very last of the twelve pages which Miss Mason had covered with flowing Italian characters, whose symmetry was here and there disfigured by sundry blots and erasures. But as her eyes rested upon the last page, Eleanor Vane's hand tightened upon the paper in her grasp, and the hot blood rushed redly to her earnest face.

"And I have found out all you want to know, dear Nell," wrote Miss Mason, "though I am puzzled out of my wits to know why you should want to know it—when I did exercise in composition at Bayswater, they wouldn't let me put two 'knows' so near together; but you won't mind it, will you, dear? Well, darling, I'm not very clever at beating about the bush or finding out anything in a diplomatic way; so this afternoon at tea—I am writing to catch the evening post, and Bob is going to take my letter to the village for sixpence—I asked Launcelot Darrell, who was not drinking his tea, like a Christian, but loitering in the window smoking a cigar; he has been as sulky as a bear ever since you left—oh, Nelly, Nelly, he isn't in love with you, is he?—I should break my heart if I thought he was—I asked him, point blank, what year and what day he sailed for India. I suppose the question sounded rather impertinent, for he colored up scarlet all in a minute, and shrugged his shoulders in that disdainful way of his that always reminds me of Lara or the Corsair—L. and the C. were the same person, though, weren't they—and said, 'I don't keep a diary, Miss Mason, or I should be happy to afford you any information you may require as to my antecedents. I thought I should have dropped through the floor, Nelly—the floor won't let one drop through it, or else I'm sure I should—and I couldn't have asked another question, even for your sake, dear; when, strange to say, Mrs. Darrell got me quite out of the difficulty. 'I am sorry you should answer Laura so very unkindly, Launcelot,' she said; 'there is nothing strange in her question. I remember the date of your departure from your native country only too vividly. You left this house upon the 3d of October, '52, and you were to sail from Gravesend on the 4th, in the Princess Alice. I have reason to remember the date, for it seemed as if my uncle chose the very worst season of the year for sending you upon a long sea voyage. But he was prompted, no doubt, by my sisters. I ought to feel no anger against him, poor old man.'"

Eleanor Vane glanced hurriedly at the concluding words of the letter. Then, with the last sheet crumpled in her hand, she sat motionless and absorbed, thinking over its contents.

"If Launcelot Darrell sailed for India upon the 4th of October, '52, he is not likely to have been in Paris in '53. If I can only prove to myself that he did sail upon that date, I will try and believe that I have been deluded by some foolish fancy of my own. But why did his face flush scarlet when Laura questioned him about his voyage—why did he pretend to have forgotten the date?"

Eleanor waited impatiently for the arrival of her friend and counsellor, Richard Thornton. He came in at about three o'clock in the afternoon, while his aunt was still absent amongst her out-of-door pupils, and flung himself, jaded and worn out, on the chintz-covered sofa. But, tired as he was, he aroused himself by an effort to listen to that portion of Laura Mason's letter which related to Launcelot Darrell.

"What do you think now, Dick?" Miss Vane asked, when she had finished reading.

"Pretty much what I thought before, Nell," answered Mr. Thornton; "this young fellow's objection to talk of his Indian voyage is no proof that he never went upon that voyage. He may have half-a-dozen unpleasant recollections connected with that part of his life. I don't particularly care about talking of the Phoenix; but I never committed a murder in the obscurity of the flies, or buried the body of my victim between the stage and the mezzanine floor. People have their secrets, Nell, and we have no right to pry into the small mysteries which may lurk under a change of countenance or an impatient word."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of the young man's argument.

"Can you find out if Launcelot Darrell sailed in the Princess Alice, Dick?" she added.

The scene-painter rubbed his chin reflectively.

"I can try and find out, my dear," he said, after a pause; "that's open to anybody. The Princess Alice! She's one of Ward's ships, I think. If the shipbrokers are inclined to be civil, they'll perhaps help me; but I have no justification for bothering them upon the subject, and they may tell me to go about my business. If I could give them a good reason for my making such an inquiry, I might very likely find them willing to help me. But what can I tell them, except that a very beautiful young person with gray eyes and auburn hair has taken an absurd crocheted into her obstinate head, and that I, her faithful slave, am compelled to do their bidding?"

"Never mind what they say to you, Richard," Miss Vane replied, authoritatively, "they must answer your question, if you only go on asking them long enough."

Mr. Thornton smiled.

"That's the true feminine method of obtaining

information, isn't it, Nell?" he said; however, I'll do my best, and if the shipbrokers are to be 'got at,' as sporting gentlemen say, it shall go hard if I don't get a list of the passengers who sailed in the Princess Alice."

"Dear, dear Dick!" cried Eleanor, holding out her hands to her young champion. The young man sighed. Alas, he knew only too well that all this pretty friendliness was as far away from any latent tenderness or hidden emotion as the beld blustering North from the splendid sunny South.

"I wonder whether she knows what love is," thought the scene-painter; "I wonder whether her heart has been touched ever so slightly by the fatal emotion. No; she is a bright virginal creature, all confidence and candor, and she has yet to learn the mysteries of life. I wish I could think less of her and fall in love with Miss Montalembert—her name is plain Lambert, and she has added the Monts for the sake of euphony. I wish I could fall in love with Lizzie Lambert, popularly known as Elsie Montalembert, the soubrette at the Phoenix. She is a good little girl, and earns a salary of four pounds a week. She's fond of the signora, too, and we could leave the Pilasters and go into house-keeping upon our joint salaries."

Mr. Thornton's fancies might have rambled on in this wise for some time, but he was abruptly aroused from his reveries by Eleanor Vane, who had been watching him rather impatiently.

"When are you going to the shipbroker's, Dick?" she asked.

"When am I going?"

"Yes, you'll go at once, won't you?"

"Eh! Well, my dear Nell, Cornhill's a good step from here."

"But you can take a cab," cried the young lady. "I've plenty of money, Dick, and do you think I shall grudge it for such a purpose? Go at once Richard, dear, and take a cab."

She pulled a purse from her pocket and tried to force it into the young man's hand, but he shook his head.

"I'm afraid the shipbroker's office would be closed, Nelly," he said. "We'd better wait till tomorrow morning."

But the young lady would not hear of this. She was sure the shipbroker's office wouldn't close so early, she said, with as much authority as if she had been intimately acquainted with the habits of shipbrokers, and she hustled Dick down stairs and out of the house before he well knew where he was.

He returned in about an hour and a half, very tired and dusty, having preferred his independence and an omnibus to the cab offered by Eleanor.

"It's no use, Nelly," he said despondently, as he threw off his hat, and ran his dirty fingers through the rumpled shock of dusty brown hair that had been blown about his face by the hot August wind, "the office was just closing, and I couldn't get anything out of the clerks. I was never so cruelly snubbed in my life."

Miss Vane looked very much disappointed, and was silent for a minute or so. Then her face suddenly brightened, and she patted Richard's shoulder with a gesture expressive of patronage and encouragement.

"Never mind, Dick," she said, smilingly, "you shall go again to-morrow morning, early, and I'll go with you. We'll see if these shipbroker's clerks will snub me."

"Snub you!" cried Richard Thornton, in a rapture of admiration. "I think that, of all the members of the human family, paid officials are the most unpleasant and repulsive; but I don't think there's a clerk in Christendom who could snub you, Miss Vane."

Eleanor smiled. Perhaps for the first time in her life the young lady was guilty of a spice of that feminine sin called coquetry. Her boxes had arrived from Haslewood upon the previous evening. She was armed therefore with all those munitions of war without which a woman can scarcely commence a siege upon the fortress of man's indifference.

She rose early the next morning—for she was too much absorbed in the one great purpose of her life to be able to sleep very long or very soundly—and arrayed herself for her visit to the shipbroker.

She put on a bonnet of pale blue crape, which was to be the chief instrument in the siege—a feminine battering ram or Armstrong gun before which the stoutest wall must have crumbled—and smoothed her silken locks, her soft amber-dropping tresses, under this framework of diaphanous azure. Then she went into the little sitting-room where Mr. Richard Thornton was loitering over his breakfast, to try the effect of this piece of milliner's artillery upon the unhappy young man.

"Will the clerks snub me, Dick?" she asked archly.

The scene-painter replied with his mouth full of egg and bread and butter, and was more enthusiastic than intelligible.

A four-wheel cab jolted Miss Vane and her companion to Cornhill, and the young lady contrived to make her way into the sanctum sanctorum of the shipbroker himself, in a manner which took Richard Thornton's breath away from him, in the fervor of his admiration. Every barrier gave way before the blue bonnet and glistening auburn hair, the bright gray eyes and friendly smile. Poor Dick had approached the officials with that air of suppressed enmity and lurking hate with which the Englishman generally addresses his brother Englishman; but Eleanor's friendliness and familiarity disarmed the stoniest of the clerks, and she was conducted to the shipbroker's private room by an usher who bowed before her as if she had been a queen.

The young lady told her story very simply. She wished to ascertain if a gentleman called Launcelot Darrell had sailed in the Princess Alice on the 4th of October, '52.

This was all she said. Richard Thornton stood by, fingering difficult passages in his last stovard

information, isn't it, Nell?" he said; however, I'll do my best, and if the shipbrokers are to be 'got at,' as sporting gentlemen say, it shall go hard if I don't get a list of the passengers who sailed in the Princess Alice."

"I shall be extremely obliged if you can give me this information," she said in conclusion, "for a great deal depends upon my being able to ascertain the truth of this matter."

The shipbroker looked through his spectacles at the earnest face turned so trustfully towards his own. He was an old man, with granddaughters as tall as Eleanor, but was nevertheless not utterly dead to the influence of a beautiful face. The auburn hair and diaphanous bonnet made a bright spot of color in the dinginess of his dusty office.

"I should be very ungallant were I to refuse to serve a young lady," the old man said politely. "Jarvis," he added, turning to the clerk who had conducted Eleanor to his apartment, "do you think you could contrive to look up the list of passengers in the Princess Alice, October 4, '52?"

Mr. Jarvis, who had told Richard to go about his business upon the day before, said he had no doubt he could, and went away to perform this errand.

Eleanor's breath grew short and quick, and her color rose as she waited for the clerk's return. Richard executed impossible passages on the brim of his hat. The shipbroker watched the girl's face, and drew his own deductions from the flutter of agitation visible in that bright countenance.

"Ah!" he thought, "a love affair, no doubt. This pretty girl in the blue bonnet has come here to look after a runaway sweetheart."

The clerk returned, carrying a ledger, with his thumb between two of the leaves. He opened the uninteresting-looking volume, and laid it on the table before his employer, pointing with his spare forefinger to one particular entry.

"A berth was taken for a Mr. Launcelot Darrell, who was to share his cabin with a Mr. Thomas Halliday," the shipbroker said, looking at the passage to which the clerk pointed.

Eleanor's face crimsoned. She had wronged the widow's son then after all.

"But the name was crossed out afterwards," continued the old man, "and there's another entry further down, dated October 5th. The ship sailed without Mr. Darrell."

The crimson flush faded out of Eleanor's face and left it deadly pale. She tottered forwards a few paces towards the table, with her hand stretched out, as if she would have taken the book from the shipbroker and examined the entry for herself. But midway between the chair she had left and the table her strength failed her, and she would have fallen if Richard Thornton had not dashed his hat upon the ground, and caught her sinking figure in his outstretched arms.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the shipbroker; "bless my soul: a glass of water, Jarvis; this is very sad, very sad, indeed. A runaway lover, I suppose, or a brother, perhaps. These sort of things are always happening. I assure you, if I had the gift that some of you young people have, I could write half a dozen romances out of the history of this office."

The clerk came back with the glass of water: it was rather a murky-looking fluid, but a few drops between Eleanor's pale lips seemed to bring the life back to her.

She lifted her head with the proud resolution of a queen, and looked at the compassionate shipbroker with a strange smile. She had heard the old man's suppositions about lovers and brothers. How far away his simple fancy led him from the bitter truth.

She held out her hand to him as she rose from her chair, erect and dauntless as a fair-haired Joan of Arc, ready to gird on the sword in defence of her king and country.

"I thank you very much, sir," she said, "for what you have done for me to-day. My father was an old man—as old, or older perhaps, than yourself—and he died a very cruel death. I believe that your kindness of this day will help me to avenge him."

(To be continued.)

VIEWS FROM FOLLY ISLAND.

We present this week four very fine views from Folly Island, from the pencil of Lieutenant Charles C. Coleman, a landscape painter of acknowledged merit, who thus describes them:

Rebel Batteries on Morris Island, as viewed from the north end of Folly Island.

SINCE the arrival of our troops on Folly Island, the long range of rifle-pits, running from the rear of sandhills (on which are mounted the enemy's guns, pointing seaward), have been constructed, for the purpose of protecting the enemy's rear, in case of an attempt being made by us to cross the inlet at this point. The enemy's works are quite formidable in appearance, but it would be an easy matter for the ironclads to shell them out of their position. The enemy can be seen daily at work strengthening their fortifications. The distance across the inlet, at low tide, is about 300 yards. "Johnny Reb" every day or so sends us the latest Charleston papers. Our pickets and the enemy's are within talking distance of each other.

Campbell House, Headquarters of Brig.-Gen. Vogdes, commanding U. S. Forces, Folly Island, S. C.

The sketch is a perfect representation of the Campbell House. The House, so called by Secessionists, is more familiarly known to us as "The White House." It is situated on Folly Island and by the shore of Folly river. This, with its outbuildings, is the only habitation on the island. From the windows of this building can be seen the church spires of Charleston; also Secessionville, with rebel camps and fortifications on James Island.

On the 2d day of May, 1863, the left section of Capt. Jennings' battery, 3d New York Vols., acting under command of Lieut. Hillis, shelled the Rebel camp on James Island; since which time the camp has been removed. The guns used were Ward's 12-pound rifled steel guns, and although light enough for field maneuvering, will do good execution at three miles. This battery did good service while in the department of Gen. Foster, North Carolina.

The banks of New York have raised \$16,700 for the Sanitary Commission.

SONG.

WHAT can it mean—that glance so tender,
Out of the depths of two soft dark eyes;
Can it be earnest of heart surrender,
Making me blest with a sweet surprise?
What can it mean—white hands caressing
Between them a hand that is scarred and brown;
Is it a dream—two soft lips pressing
That hard rough hand while the tears fall down.
What can it mean—you kneel beside me,
Laying your dear head upon my breast,
Giving me all that you once denied me!
Is it, sweetheart, is it love confessed?

MRS. PARTINGTON ON THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

WELL, they du say, Ike, that Cyrus W. Field went to Europe tother day, to lay down this here Transatlantic Telegram they've kicked up such a bobby about. Poor dear man, I'm awful afeared he'll get wet to the skin down thar at the bottom of the ocean. They orter pay him well for sich a journey, though I spose he'll go down in a diving-bell or something of the sort, and not be out in the open water all the while. If I'd only a known it in time I'd hev sent him that there life-preserver I bought to wear at the seaside. I ollers like to encourage scientifics to the best of my debility.

Well, I shall dream of him, I know, and shan't relish my wittles till I hear he's up safe; I do hope the ships won't hit him on the head, poor dear, and that he'll pick up a lot of coral and pearls to make his fortune with. I wonder what he'll live on—raw oysters I spose, and they say they ain't hulsome in any month that hasn't got an "r" in it. Let's see, there's June and July—and Orgust—that's got an "r" in it. I hope he'll eat plenty of pepper with them.

I wonder whether they'll have another cobbie celebration on account of it. I went to tother one, and there were a lot of coal oil torches and folks, and I was e'en a most scrouged to death, and after all the fuss the telegram wouldn't go.

I hope this here will be fixed right, they say it's to be made of cobbles altogether. It'll take a good while to put 'em down, I'm afeared. The men were all day cobbiling that little bit of street before our door, and when you think of circumventing the bottomless ocean with little cobbles it's quite horriofous.

I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Cyrus got lost, like Benjamin Franklin on his Arctic exploration amongst the antipodes, and was never found until he was froze out stiff like the unbrighted critters they've just dug up out of Hercules, who were drowned ever so many years ago by the subterraneous effusion of Mount Vesuvius. I'm on easy about him, very on easy. However, somebody must make sacrifices to the scientifics I spose, and I've no doubt they'll make an effigy of Mr. Cyrus if he is a martyr. I went to Coventry when I was in England, and saw a percession with an effigy of somebody named Go Diver—from the style of her custom, I should reckon she had been down into the ocean to lay telegrams, for she hadn't nothin' on her to get wet. I only hope they'll be as memorable of Mr. Cyrus's exploitations and make an effigy of him every year.

"Well, it will be handy if it goes. I 'spose a good many folks will like to go by it when you can just run out after tea and be whisked over to England in two minutes. Folks that have relationships in the Britanical Aisles will be delighted. I'm too old to go so fast myself, but I'd like to send you over, Ike, to see your aunt Olympia and look about you a little. You like to go fast I know, for you used to make old Whitefoot run like lightning when you drove me out up to Peekskill.

As soon as I'm sure it's safe, I'll send you. But I'm very much afeared, my dear, that this transatlantic telegram is like our old clock; the pedlar used to come and fix it twice a week, but it never went more than one hour at a time, and it never has gone yet. I'm very sorry for poor dear Mr. Cyrus, but I'm afeared he'll get wet for nothing.

BRIG.-GEN. GODFREY WEITZEL, Ohio Volunteers.

THIS officer, who is so rapidly winning laurels under Gen. Banks, is a native of Cincinnati, of German origin, and a graduate of the Military Academy, West Point, which he entered in 1851. His first appointment was that of 2d Lieutenant of Engineers, in July, 1855. He became 1st Lieutenant, July 1, 1860, and Captain, March 3, 1863.

He was Professor at West Point for a time, and as Assistant Engineer to Major Beauregard built Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, which he afterwards assisted in reducing.

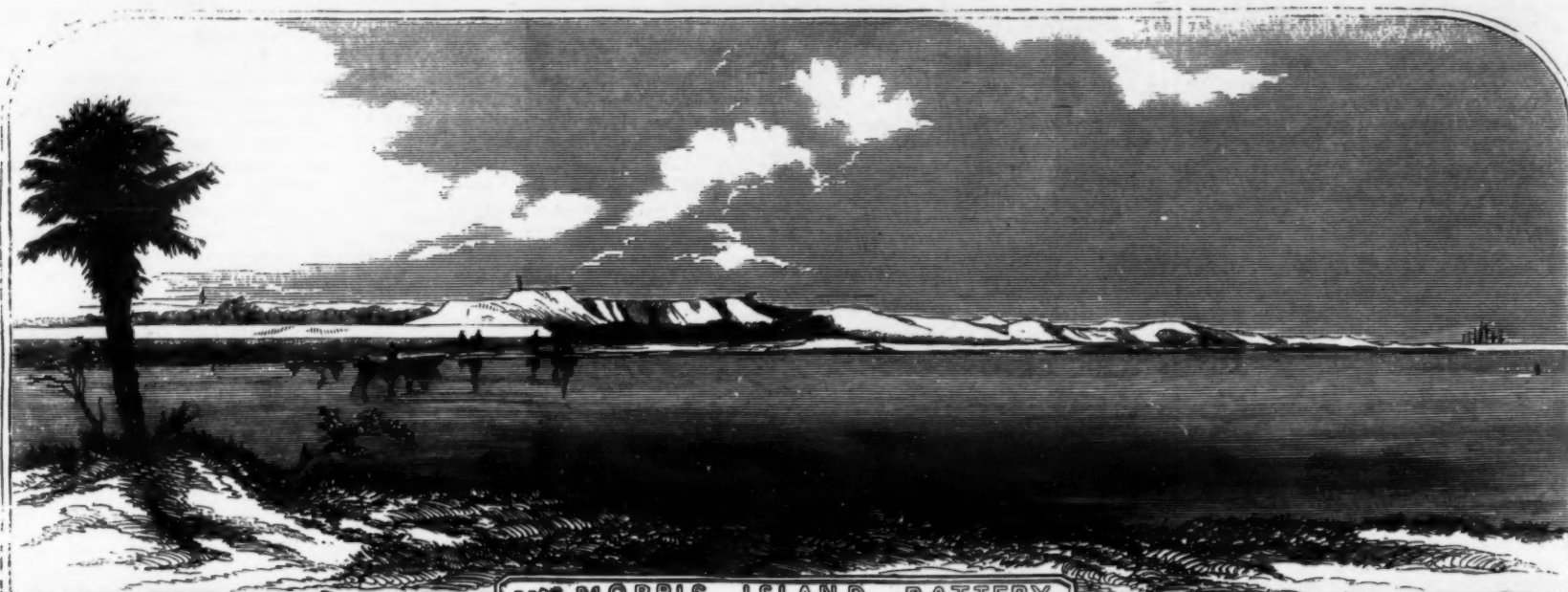
On the breaking out of the rebellion Beauregard and other Southern leaders held out great inducements to him, but there was none that in his mind could repay treason. He has been attached to the Engineering Department of the Gulf from the first, and was for a time Assistant Military Commandant of New Orleans.

In person he is tall, gentlemanly-looking, rather careless in dress, unostentatious and universally esteemed. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 29, 1862, and has since been actively engaged in the operations under Gen. Banks.

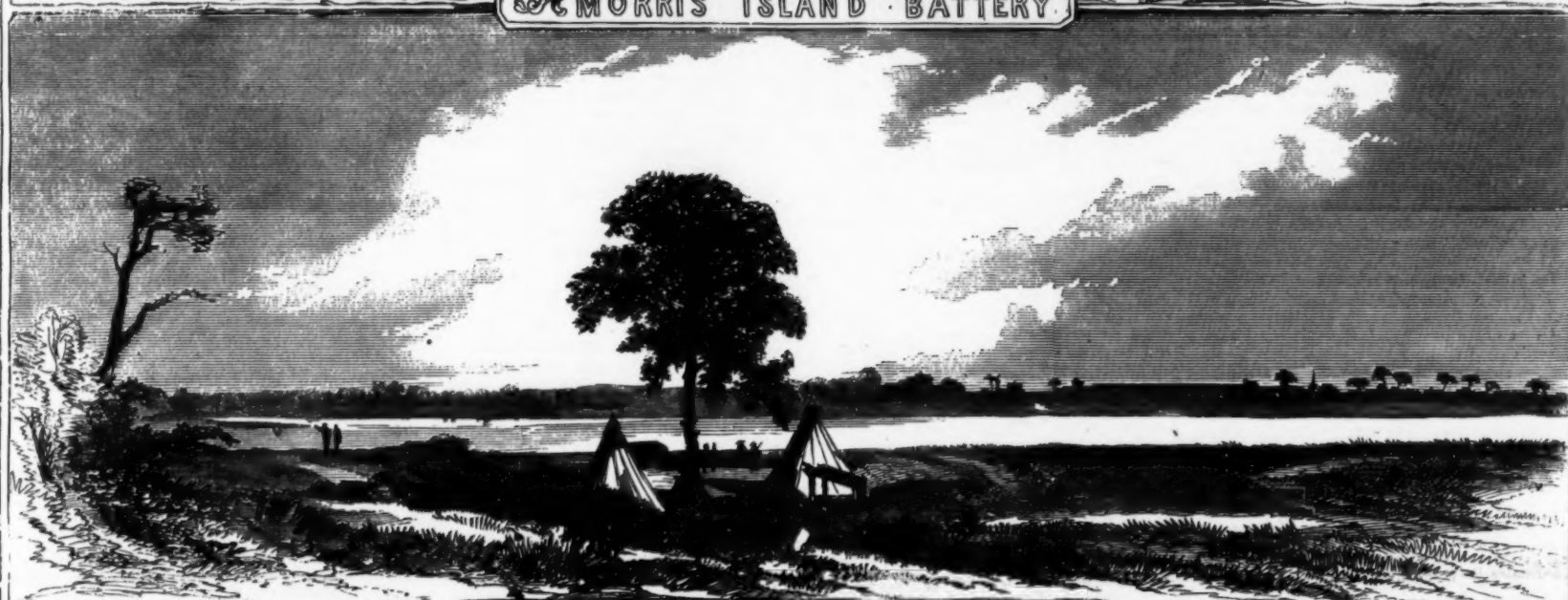
NAVAL ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

OUR Artist gives a very graphic picture of the attack of Admiral Farragut's fleet on the lower batteries at Port Hudson, with an accurate view of the locality. This attack was almost simultaneous with that made by the Hartford and Albatross on the upper batteries and Gen. Weitzel's attack by land on the same point.

A MAN was charged with stealing a piece of cloth, when the lawyer put in as a plea that the individual charged with stealing could not see it, for it was an invisible green.



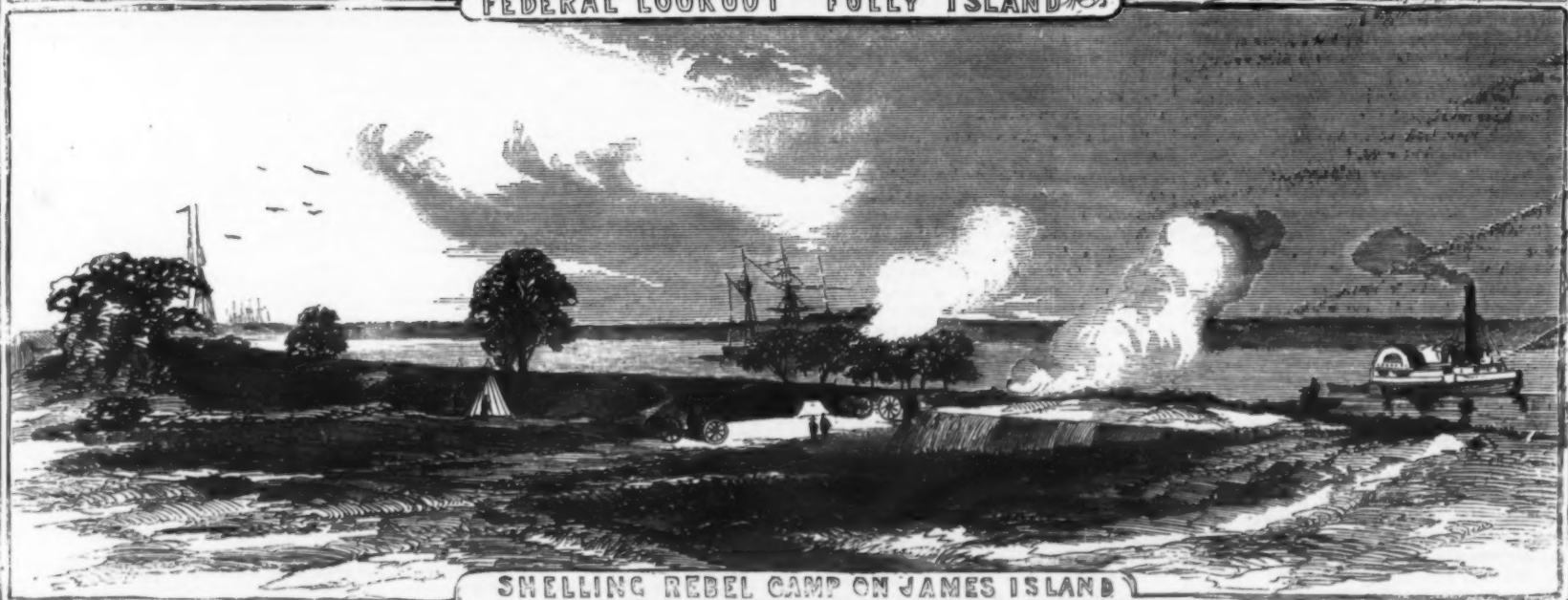
MORRIS ISLAND BATTERY



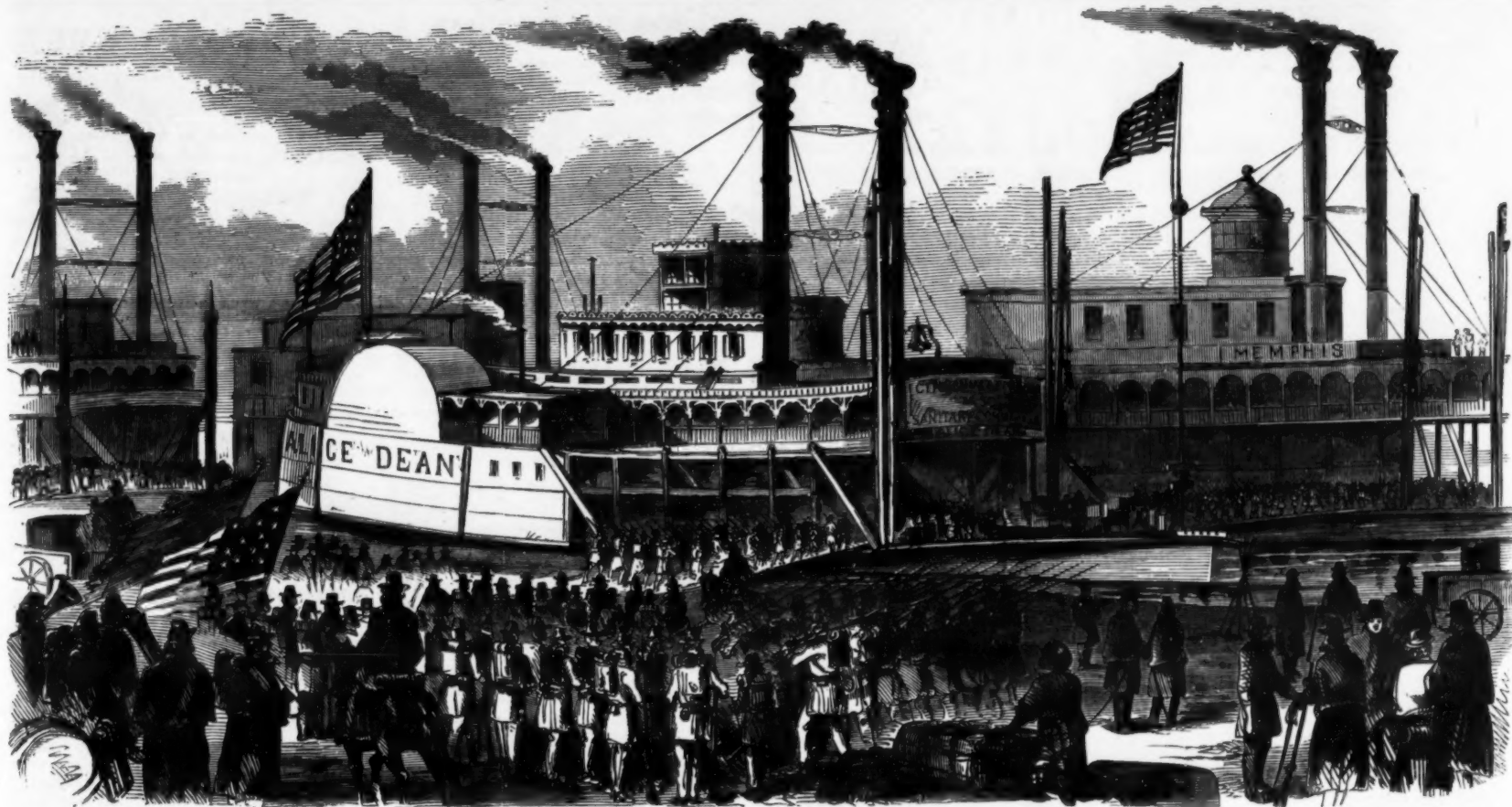
CAPT JENNINGS' BATTERY. FOLLY ISLAND



FEDERAL LOOKOUT FOLLY ISLAND



SHELLING REBEL CAMP ON JAMES ISLAND



REINFORCEMENTS FOR GRANT'S ARMY LEAVING MEMPHIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. N. SCHILL.

REINFORCEMENTS LEAVING MEMPHIS, Tenn., for Gen. Grant's Army.

OUR Special Artist sends a sketch of the Alice Dean, a crack Western steamer, leaving Memphis with reinforcements, and with doctors, nurses, etc., for the wounded. She is in charge of the Cincinnati branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, and commanded by Mr. R. B. Moore, of Cincinnati. She is a very fast boat, having run up to Cincinnati from Memphis in 2 days 23 hours and 5 minutes. The scene depicted is one of constant occurrence, as troops are pouring daily into Memphis from all parts.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE billiard tournament among the congress of professional artists from all parts of the United States, lately assembled in this city, commenced

at Irving Hall on the evening of June 1st, and closed on the 11th. The attendance was very large, comprising many leading citizens, who witnessed with the greatest interest the exciting matches played. The table is the magnificent prize offered by Messrs. Phelan & Collender as the reward of the victor in the tournament, and its estimated value is \$1,000. The seats were all arranged amphitheatrically, thus affording every one an opportunity of witnessing the entire proceedings.

The first match of 500 points was played between Messrs. Tieman, of Cincinnati, and Kavanagh, of New York; the order in which the players came together being determined by drawing lots. Both parties rank among the highest class of billiard artists, Tieman being regarded as the champion player of the West, while Kavanagh has thrown down the gage of defiance to any player in the middle States, after having beaten in succession Michael Foley, of Cleveland, and Wm. Goldthwait, of this city. Tieman won the lead, and on the third innings had scored 22, to his opponent's 0. But Kavanagh, on his 3d innings, gave a

magnificent display of his artistic skill by scoring 128 points, principally by "nursing" the balls at the lower end of the table. On his 12th innings he made the extraordinary score of 203, by the most brilliant play all around the table, and which made his score stand 366 to Tieman's 66, exactly 300 points ahead.

The contests were continued nightly, and proved most interesting. The tournament closed on the 11th with the great contest of the East against the West. The following is the score:

West.	East.
Tieman.....172	Bird.....107
Fox.....84	Estephe....110
Foley.....139	Phelan.....139
Seeritter.....103	Kavanagh..173
Deery.....90	Goldthwait.222
558	751

At the conclusion of the match the prizes were awarded to the conquerors by Mr. James Kelly, who, in a few, but most appropriate, words, presented the

winner of the greatest number of games during the tournament, Dudley Kavanagh, with the richly inlaid billiard-table and the beautiful gold-mounted cue, at the same time installing him as the champion billiard-player of America.

Mr. Kavanagh, in returning thanks, hoped he should be enabled, and he would do his best, to keep the cue against all comers.

Louis Fox, as the second best player in America, was presented with a check for \$250, which prize was suitably acknowledged by that gentleman.

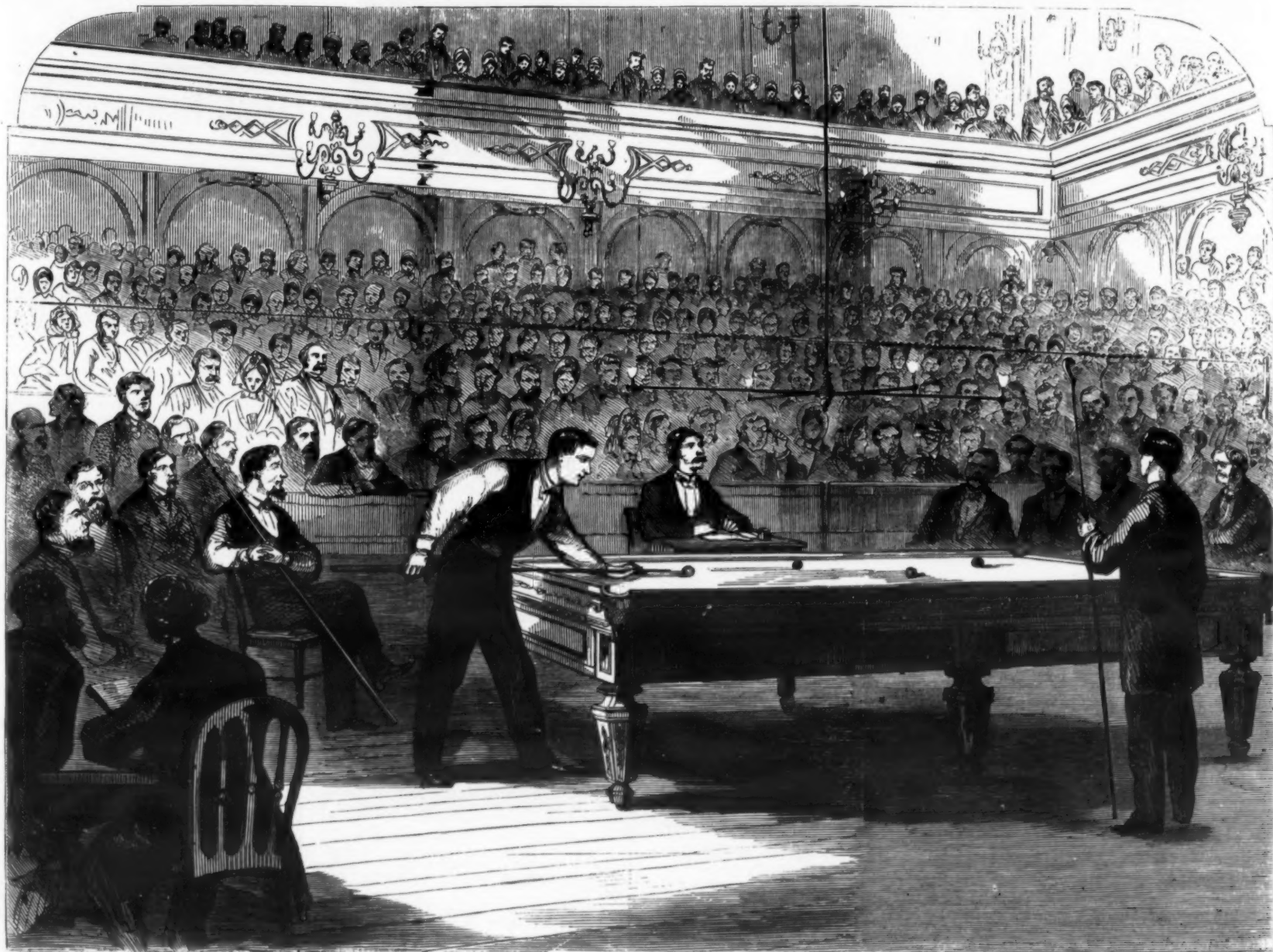
Annexed is a recapitulation of the grand score:

First—Kavanagh vanquished Tieman, Seeritter, Estephe, Fox, Goldthwait and Foley, but was beaten by Deery.

Second—Tieman won with Foley and Estephe, but was unsuccessful with Kavanagh, Seeritter, Goldthwait, Deery and Fox.

Third—Seeritter captured Goldthwait, Tieman and Estephe, but was taken by Foley, Kavanagh, Deery and Fox.

Fourth—Foley beat Seeritter, Goldthwait and



GREAT BILLIARD TOURNAMENT AT NEW YORK, JUNE, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Estephe, but was beaten by Tieman, Fox, Deery and Kavanagh.
Fifth—Goldthwait succeeded with Deery, Tieman and Estephe, he failed with Seereiter, Foley, Kavanagh and Fox.
Sixth—Deery defeated Seereiter, Tieman, Foley and Kavanagh, but was vanquished by Goldthwait, Estephe and Fox.
Seventh—Fox conquered Estephe, Deery, Foley, Seereiter and Goldthwait, but was taken by Kavanagh and Tieman.
Eighth—Estephe was fortunate with Deery, but failed with Fox, Kavanagh, Seereiter, Foley, Tieman and Goldthwait.
Our Artist has given a sketch which will enable our readers to imagine themselves present at the scene. The two players are Messrs. Kavanagh and Fox.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

MISS CINQUEME EVE NEE: "And so you really think that a young man with only a miserable five thousand a year is in a position to marry? Why, you must think that people live on acorns!"
Tailor: "You don't say so! The women going to strike! I hope they won't hit me!"

MENDEZ, the Jew poet, sat to Sir J. Reynolds for his picture, but requested he would not put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. However, as Hayman had but little business in portraits, he could not afford to let his new work remain in obscurity, so out it went with the few others that he had to display. A new picture being a rarity in Hayman's room the first friend that came in took notice of it, and asked whose portrait it was?

"Mendez."
"Good Heavens!" said the friend, "you are wonderfully out of luck here. It has not a trait of his countenance."
"Why, to tell you the truth," said the painter, "he desired it might not be known!"

A CELEBRATED divine in the West country tells the following story: While one day taking his usual walk he happened to come across a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follows: "Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?"
"Making a house, sir."
"What kind o' house?"
"A kirk, sir."
"Where's the door?"
"There it is," replied the boy, pointing with his finger.

"Where's the pulpit?"
"There it is," said the boy.
The doctor, now asking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked:
"Ay, but where is the minister?"
The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied:
"Oh, I bavin' a enouch o' dirt to mak him."

In Washington, the other day, a newsboy, in the absence of exciting news wherewith to stimulate purchasers, went through the streets crying out:
"Nother raid by Stonewall Jackson!"
An excited gentleman stopped him with
"I thought Jackson was dead!"
"Well, so he is, but his ghost is making this 'ero raid!"

A MARRIED monster said that he lately dreamed that he had an angel by his side, and upon waking up found it was nobody but his wife.

"I KNOW I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart.
"No, indeed, John," said the young lady, "you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

SOME one remarked of a very mean man, that his soul was capable of such infinitesimal meanness that he would have as much "play" in a soap-bubble as an oyster in the Bay of Fundy.

"THE times are so hard I can hardly keep my head above water," said a husband the other night to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress.
"No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you can keep it above brandy and water easy enough."

SOME weeks ago a well-known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room said:
"Oh, cheer up, Mr. Jones. I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right again. I want to find your wife."

To the latter, whom he met on the stair, he said:
"Mrs. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile make your husband a large bowl of poppy-head tea."

The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and did not exactly understand what was ordered. In the evening, when the doctor returned, he asked:
"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure I have, doctor."
"Well, and how does it operate?"
"Operate, sir? I can't tell; but I'm sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How, kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"
"Because, doctor, he's been offered two guineas a-piece for them puppies, and I know he wants the money."
"Puppies, woman?" replied the astonished doctor, "what have you been giving your husband?"
"Poppy-head tea," replied the woman.
"Poppy-head tea? I told you poppy-head tea," said the doctor, rushed from his patient, who, by the way, got well, and after a while forgave his wife, but never the doctor.

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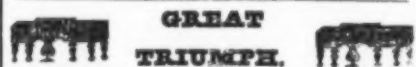
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